

# THE LONDON LITERARY GAZETTE, AND Journal of Belles Lettres, Arts, Sciences, etc.

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## REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

*The Miscellaneous Poems of William Wordsworth.* London. 1820. 4 vols. 12mo.

We merely take up this work to notice it as a new, neat, and portable edition of all Mr. Wordsworth's published poems, except *The Excursion*, and a few small pieces. There are also some poetical additions, but not of a very prominent character; and some prose strictures upon composition, criticism, and English bards, which offer much food for reflection, though strangely unconnected in form, and still more strangely inserted under the title of "Prefaces" at the ends of the volumes.

Our readers are aware that we have not the felicity to be devoted worshippers at the shrine of that sect, among whom Mr. Wordsworth is so distinguished an apostle. It is our melancholy fate to be but temperate admirers of what has been called the Lake School; while at the same time, we acknowledge most of their principles to square with the true and genuine gospel of poetry, and confess many of their beauties, even in practice. But we have thought them mistaken in some very essential points, and never can be persuaded to relish as grand, what is mean; as natural, what is affected; and as exquisitely simple, what is ludicrously puerile.

As it is not our purpose, however, to enter upon any critical dissertation on this occasion; and as Mr. Wordsworth's last production was so much in unison with our minds, as to cause us to forget some of our ancient antipathies, if not to make converts of us; we shall now content ourselves with recommending these volumes, and quoting two or three of the minor pieces, which (without referring to former separate publications, but trusting to our memories) appear most novel in their contents.

September, 1819.

The sylvan slopes with corn-clad fields Are hung, as if with golden shields, Bright trophies of the sun! Like a fair sister of the sky, Unruffled doth the blue Lake lie, The Mountains looking on.

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And, sooth to say, you vocal Grove, Albeit uninspired by love, By love untaught to ring, May well afford to mortal ear An impulse more profoundly dear Than music of the Spring.

For that from turbulence and heat Proceeds, from some uneasy seat In Nature's struggling frame, Some region of impatient life; And jealousy, and quivering strife, Therein a portion claim.

This, this is holy;—while I hear These vespers of another year, This hymn of thanks and praise, My spirit seems to mount above The anxieties of human love, And earth's precarious days.

But list!—though winter storms be nigh, Unchecked is that soft harmony: There lives Who can provide For all his creatures; and in Him, Even like the radiant Seraphim, These Choristers confide.

*Upon the same occasion.*  
Departing Summer hath assumed An aspect tenderly illumined, The gentlest look of Spring; That calls from yonder leafy shade Unfaded, yet prepared to fade, A timely caroling.  
No faint and hesitating trill, Such tribute as to Winter chill The lonely red-breast pays! Clear, loud, and lively is the din, From social Warblers gath'ring in Their harvest of sweet lays.  
Nor doth the example fail to cheer Me, conscious that my leaf is scar, And yellow on the bough:— Fall, rosy garlands, from my head! Ye myrtle wreaths, your fragrance shed Around a younger brow!

## SONNETS.

Eve's lingering clouds extend in solid bars Through the grey west; and lo! these waters, stealed  
By breezless air to smoothest polish, yield A vivid repetition of the stars; Jove—Venus—and the ruddy crest of Mars, Amid his fellows, beauteously revealed  
At happy distance from earth's groaning field, Where ruthless mortals wage incessant war. Is it a mirror?—or the nether sphere Opening its vast abyss, while fancy feeds On the rich show!—But list! a voice is near; Great Pan himself low whispering through the reeds,  
Be thankful thou; for, if unholy deeds Ravage the world, tranquillity is here!"

Oxford, May 30, 1820.

Ye sacred Nurseries of blooming Youth! In whose collegiate shelter England's Flowers Expand—enjoying through their vernal hours The air of liberty, the light of truth;

Much have ye suffered from Time's gnawing tooth,  
Yet, O ye Spires of Oxford! Domes and Towers! Gardens and Groves! your presence overpowers The soberness of Reason; 'till, in sooth, Transformed, and rushing on a bold exchange, I slight my own beloved Cam, to range Where silver Iris leads my striding feet; Pace the long avenue, or glide adown The stream-like windings of that glorious street, —An eager Novice robed in fluttering gown!

Oxford, May 30, 1820.

Shame on this faithless heart! that could allow Such transport—though but for a moment's space:

Not while—to aid the spirit of the place— The crescent moon cleaves with its glittering brow  
The clouds, or night-bird sings from shady bough; But in plain day-light:—She, too, at my side, Who, with her heart's experience satisfied, Maintains inviolate its slightest vow. Sweet Fancy! other gifts must I receive; Proofs of a higher sovereignty I claim; Take from her brow the withering flowers of Eve, And to that brow Life's morning wreath restore: Let her be comprehended in the frame Of these illusions, or they please no more.

June, 1820.

Fame tells of Groves—from England far away— \* Groves that inspire the Nightingale to trill And modulate, with subtle touch of skill Elsewhere unmatched, her ever-varying lay; Such bold report I venture to gainsay: For I have heard the choir of Richmond Hill Chanting with indefatigable will; While I bethought me of a distant day; When, haply under shade of that same wood, And scarcely conscious of the dashing oars Plied steadily between those willowy shores, The sweet-souled Poet of the Seasons stood— Listening, and listening long, in rapturous mood, Ye heavenly Birds! to your Progenitors.

## MR. DAWSON TURNER'S TOUR IN NORMANDY.

Having in our last Number entered so copiously into a view of this pleasing publication, we shall now deem little more necessary than to pursue our task of extracting a few of the striking or entertaining anecdotes contained in the second volume, which is devoted chiefly to Lower Normandy; though besides Caen, Falaise, and Lisieux, we have some interesting notices of Jumièges, Gisors, Evreux, &c. At St. Georges de Bocherville, the original seat of the Tancarville family, we are informed there is still a charter with the seal of Cœur de Lion attached to it in red wax and in fine preservation. The seal, on one side, represents the king seated upon his throne, with a pointed beard, having his crown on his head, and a sword in one hand, and sceptre in the other: on the other side he is on horseback, with his head covered

\* Wallachia is the country alluded to.

with a cylindrical helmet, surmounted with a very remarkable crest, in the form of a fan: on his shield are plainly distinguishable the three lions of England.

Of Jumieges we read the following account with pain: it is a lesson to be sure to all ages and to every people, a touching one to pride and pomp and ambition; but still it is distressing to see it taught by brutality and ignorance in times which we venture to call enlightened:

"The lofty towers of the abbey of Jumieges are conspicuous from afar: the stone of which they are built is peculiarly white; and at a distance scarcely any signs of decay or dilapidation are visible. On a nearer approach, however, the Vandalism of the modern French appears in full activity. For the pitiful value of the materials, this noble edifice is doomed to destruction. The arched roof is beaten in; and the choir is nearly levelled with the ground. Two cart-loads of wrought stones were carried away, while we were there; and the workmen were busily employed in its demolition. The greater part too of the mischief appears recent: the fractures of the walls are fresh and sharp, and the fresco paintings are unchanged.—Had the proud abbatial structure but been allowed to have existed as the parochial church of the village, the edifice might have stood for ages; but the French are miserably deficient in proper feeling; and neither the historical recollections connected with Jumieges, nor its importance as a monument of architectural antiquity, could redeem it from their tasteless selfishness. In a few years, its very ruins will have perished; and not a wreck will remain of this ancient sanctuary of religion and of learning.

"It was in the year 654 or 655, that St. Philibert, second abbot of Rebaix, in the diocese of Meaux, founded this monastery."

We have heard of equally unfeeling and sacrilegious dilapidations upon some of the finest monuments in England, within these few years. But what perhaps inclines us to lament for Jumieges in particular, is, that it was truly an institution for the encouragement of literature; since "the records of the monastery contain a curious precept, in which Abbot Godfrey, about the middle of the 11th century, directs that prayers should be offered up annually upon a certain day, 'pro illis qui dederunt et fecerunt libros.' Nobody prays for us poor book-makers now a days; and we fear that booksellers and publishers are not so saintly as the holy father who succeeded St. Philibert.

The next abbey which has attracted us in a peculiar manner, from the author's researches, is St. Evroul, or St. Evroul, one of four Benedictine monasteries within the diocese of Lisieux. This was "the sanctuary where Ordericus Vitalis, to use his own expressions, 'delighted in obedience and poverty.' This most valuable writer was an Englishman; his native town being Attingham, on the Severn, where he was born in the year 1075. He was sent to school at Shrewsbury, and there received the first rudiments, both of the *Humanities* and of ecclesiastical education. In the tenth year of his

age, his father, Odelerius, delivered the boy to the care of the monk Rainaldus. The weeping father parted from the weeping son, and they never saw each other more. Ordericus crossed the sea, and arrived in Normandy, an exile, as he describes himself, and 'hearing, like Joseph in Egypt, a language which he understood not.' In the eleventh year of his age he received the tonsure from the hands of Mainerus, the abbot of St. Evroul. In the thirty-third year of his age he was ordained a priest; and thenceforward his life wore away in study and tranquillity. Aged and infirm, he completed his *Ecclesiastical History*, in the sixty-seventh year of his age; and this great and valuable work ends with his auto-biography, which is written in an affecting strain of simplicity and piety.—The Ecclesiastical History of Ordericus is divided into parts: the first portion contains an epitome of the sacred and profane history of the world, beginning with the incarnation and ending with Pope Innocent II. The second, and more important division, contains the history of Normandy, from the first invasion of the country, down to the year 1141. Though professedly an ecclesiastical historian, yet Ordericus Vitalis is exceedingly copious in his details of secular events; and it is from these that his chronicle derives its importance and curiosity. It was first published by Duchesne, in his collection of Norman historians, a work which is now of rare occurrence, and it has never been reprinted.

"Valuable materials for a new edition were, however, collected early in the eighteenth century, by William Bessin, a monk of St. Ouen; and these, before the revolution, were preserved in the library of the abbey. Bessin had been assisted in the task by Francis Charles Dujardin, prior of St. Evroul, who had collated the text, as published in the collection of Norman historians, with the original manuscript in his own monastery, to which latter Duchesne unfortunately had not access, but had been obliged to content himself with a copy, now in the Royal Library at Paris. It is to be hoped, that the joint labours of Bessin and Dujardin may still be in existence, and may come to light, when M. Liquef shall have completed the task of arranging the manuscripts in the public library at Rouen. The manuscript which belonged to St. Evroul, and was always supposed to be an autograph from the hands of Ordericus Vitalis himself, was discovered during the revolution among a heap of parchments, thrown aside as of no account, in some buildings belonging to the former district of Laigle. It is now deposited in the public library of the department of the Orne, but unfortunately, nearly half the leaves of the volume are lost. The earliest part of what remains is towards the close of the seventh book, and of this only a fragment, consisting of eight pages, is left. The termination of the seventh book, and the whole of the eighth, are wanting. From the ninth to the thirteenth, both of these inclusive, the manuscript is perfect. A page or two, however, at the end of the work, which contained the author's life, has been torn out.—At the

beginning of the sixteenth century, the manuscript was complete; for it is known that, at that time, a monk of St. Evroul made a transcript of it, which extended through four volumes in folio. These volumes were soon dispersed. Two of them found their way to Rouen, where they were kept in the library of St. Ouen: the other two were in that of the abbey of St. Maur de Gelandeuse, on the Loire. A third, though incomplete, copy of the original manuscript was also known to exist in France before the revolution. It formerly belonged to Coaslin de Camboret, bishop of Metz, by whom it was presented, together with four thousand manuscripts, to the monks of St. Germain des Prés at Paris. But the greater part of the literary treasures of this abbey fell a prey to the flames in July 1793, and it is feared that the copy of Ordericus perished at that time.

"The original code from St. Evroul, was discovered by M. Louis Dubois, whom I have already mentioned in connection with the ruins of Neomagus. He is an antiquary of extensive knowledge and extraordinary zeal. His *History of Lisieux*, which he has long been preparing for the press, will be a work of great curiosity and interest."

This gentleman allowed Mr. Turner to copy an original letter from the Princess Borghese, Buonaparte's sister, to the Empress Marie Louise, which fell into his hands as librarian of Alençon. We transcribe it *literatim et punctuatim*, as a specimen of the talents of no mean branch of the Napoleonic family.

"Madame et tres chere Sour,  
je receois par le Prince Aldobrandini la lettre de V. M. et la belle tasse dont elle a daigné le charger pour moi au nom de L'empereur, je remercie, mille fois votre aimable bonté, et j'ose vous prier ma tres chere sour d'être aupres de L'empereur l'interprete de ma reconnaissance pour cette marque de souvenir.—je fais parler beaucoup le Prince et la Princesse Aldobrandini sur votre santé, sur votre belle grossesse, je ne me lasse pas de les interroger, et je suis heureuse d'apprendre que vous vous portez très bien, que rien ne vous fatigue, et que vous avez la plus belle grossesse qu'il soit possible de desirer, combien je desire chere sour que tous nos vœux soient exaucés, ne croyez cependant pas que si vous nous donnés une petite Princesse je ne l'aimerais pas, non, elle nous serait chere, elle ressemblerait à V. M. elle aurait sa douceur, son amabilité, et ce joli caractere qui la fait cherir de ceux qui ont le honneur de la Connaître—mais ma chere sour j'ai tort de m'apesantir sur les qualités dont serait dotée cette auguste princesse, vous nous donnerés d'abord un prince un petit Roi de Rome, jugés combien je desire nos bons toscans print pour vous, ils vous aiment et je n'ai pas de peine à leur inspirer ce que je sens si vivement.

"je vous remercie ma tres chere sour de l'intérêt que vous prenez à mon fils, tout le monde dit qu'il ressemble à L'empereur, cela me Charme il est bien portant à présent, et j'espere qu'il sera digne de servir sous les drapeaux de son auguste oncle.—adieu ma chere sour soyés assez bonne pour Conserver un souvenir à une sour qui vous est

tendrement attachée. Napoléon ne cesse de lire la lettre pleine de bonté que V. M. a daigné lui écrire, cela lui a fait sentir le plaisir qu'il y avait à savoir lire, et l'encourage dans ses études—je vous embrasse et suis,

“ Madame et très chère Sœur

de V. M.

“ La plus attachée

“ et affectionnée Sœur

“ ELISA.”

By way of interlude between the acts of grandeur we may quote that

“ Norman cider is famous throughout France : it is principally, however, the western part of the province that produces it. Throughout the whole of that district, the lower classes of the inhabitants scarcely use any other beverage. Vines were certainly cultivated, in early times, farther to the north than they are at present. The same proofs exist of vineyards in the vicinity of Caen and Lisieux, as at Junieges. Indeed towards the close of the last century, there was still a vineyard at Argence, only four miles south-east of Caen : and a kind of white wine was made there, which was known by the name of *Vin Huet*. But the liquor was meagre ; and I understand,” says Mr. Turner, “ that the vineyard is destroyed.—Upon the subject of the early use of beer in Normandy, tradition is somewhat indistinct. The ancient name of one of the streets in Caen, *rue de la Cervoisière*, distinctly proves the habit of beer-drinking ; and, when Tacitus speaks of the beverage of the Germans, in his time, as ‘ *hunor ex hordeo vel frumento in quandam similitudinem vini corruptus*,’ it seems highly improbable but that the same liquor should have been in use among the cognate tribes of Gaul. Brito, however, expressly says of Flanders, that it is a place where,

*Paris sylva locis facit umbram, vinea nusquam : Indigenis potus Thetidi miscetur avena, Ut vice sit vini multo confecta labore.*

And the same author likewise tells us, that the Normans of his time were cider-drinkers.

..... *Sicereque potatricx*

*Algia tumentis* .....

*Non tot in autumni rubet Algai tempore pomis  
Unde liquore solet sicceram sibi Neustria gratum.*

“ Huet is of opinion, that the use of cider was first introduced into Neustria by the Normans, who had learned it of the Biscayans, as these latter had done from the inhabitants of the northern coast of Africa.”

We must now return to Ordericus Vitalis, from whom the author has copied some details relative to the death of William the Conqueror, not generally known to the English reader ; and some indeed which are quite new to us.\*

About a mile from Caen is the village of St. Germain de Blancherbe ; from the quaries of which, as Stow informs us, the stone was brought for the building of London Bridge, Westminster Abbey, and many other public edifices in this country.

At Bayeux our travellers saw the famous tapestry known by the name of that town. Mr. Turner remarks on the incorrectness

\* These we shall insert in our next Number. Ed.

with which the French artists have copied this very curious piece of historical needle-work, but teaches us to expect a very different work from the hands of Mr. C. A. Stothard,\* who has been employed by the Antiquarian Society to make a fac-simile of the whole. Of the tapestry Mr. Turner gives us a very interesting account, which we transcribe.

“ Till the revolution the tapestry was always kept in the cathedral, in a chapel on the south side, dedicated to Thomas à Becket, and was only exposed to public view once a year, during the octave of the feast of St. John, on which occasion it was hung up in the nave of the church, which it completely surrounded. From the time thus selected for the display of it, the tapestry acquired the name of *le toile de Saint Jean* ; and it is to the present day commonly so called in the city. During the most stormy part of the revolution, it was secreted ; but it was brought to Paris when the fury of vandalism had subsided. And, when the first Consul was preparing for the invasion of England, this anti-English trophy of the subjugation of the British nation was proudly exhibited to the gaze of the Parisians, who saw another *Conqueror* in Napoléon Bonaparté ; and many well-sounding effusions, in prose and verse, appeared, in which the laurels of Duke William were transferred, by anticipation, to the brows of the child and champion of Jacobinism. After this display, Bonaparté returned the tapestry to the municipality, accompanied by a letter, in which he thanked them for the care they had taken of so precious a relic. From that period to the present, it has remained in the residence appropriated to the mayor, the former episcopal palace ; and here we saw it.

It is a piece of brownish linen cloth, about two hundred and twelve feet long, and eighteen inches wide, French measure. The figures are worked with worsted of different colours, but principally light red, blue, and yellow. The historical series is included between borders composed of animals, &c. The colours are faded, but not so much so as might have been expected. The figures exhibit a regular line of events, commencing with Edward the Confessor seated upon his throne, in the act of dispatching Harold to the court of the Norman Duke, and continued through Harold's journey, his capture by the Comte de Ponthie, his interview with William, the death of Edward, the usurpation of the British throne by Harold, the Norman invasion, the battle of Hastings, and Harold's death. These various events are distributed into seventy-two compartments, each of them designated by an inscription in Satin. Ducarel justly compares the style of the execution to that of a girl's sampler. The figures are covered with work, except on their faces, which are merely in outline. In point of drawing, they are superior to the contemporary sculpture at St. Georges and

elsewhere ; and the performance is not deficient in energy. The colours are distributed rather fancifully : thus the fore and off legs of the horse are varied. It is hardly necessary to observe that perspective is wholly disregarded, and that no attempt is made to express light and shadow.

“ Great attention, however, is paid to costume ; and more individuality of character has been preserved than could have been expected, considering the rude style of the workmanship. The Saxons are represented with long mustachios : the Normans have their upper-lip shaven, and retain little more hair upon their heads than a single lock in front.—Historians relate how the English experts reported the invading army to be wholly composed of ecclesiastics ; and this tapestry affords a graphical illustration of the chroniclers' text. Not the least remarkable feature of the tapestry, in point of costume, lies in the armor, which, in some instances, is formed of interlaced rings ; in others, of square compartments ; and in others, of lozenges. Those who contend for the antiquity of Duke William's equestrian statue at Caen, may find a confirmation of their opinions in the shape of the saddles assigned to the figures of the Bayeux tapestry ; and equally so in their cloaks, and their pendant breeches.

“ The tapestry is coiled round a cylinder, which is turned by a winch and wheel ; and when it is rolled and unrolled with so little attention, that if it continues under such management as the present, it will be wholly ruined in the course of half a century. It is injured at the beginning : towards the end it becomes very ragged, and several of the figures have completely disappeared. The worsted is unravelling too in many of the intermediate portions. As yet, however, it is still in good preservation, considering its great age, though, as I have just observed, it will not long continue so. The bishop and chapter have lately applied to government, requesting that the tapestry may be restored to the church. I hope their application will be successful.”

At Bayeux there is the following legend :

“ Once upon a time, the wicked canons of the cathedral murdered their bishop ; in consequence of which foul deed, they and their successors for ever, were enjoined, by way of penance, annually to send one of their number to Rome, there to chant the epistle at the midnight mass. In the course of revolving centuries, this vexatious duty fell to the turn of the canon of Cambremer, who, to the surprise of the community, testified neither anxiety nor haste on the occasion, Christmas-eve arrived and the canon was still in his cell : Christmas-night came, and still he did not stir. At length, when the mass was actually begun, his brethren, more uneasy than himself, reproached him with his delay ; upon which he muttered his spell, called up a spirit, mounted him, reached Rome in the twinkling of an eye, performed his task, and, the service being ended, he stormed the archives of the Vatican, where he burned the compulsory act, and then returned by the same conveyance to Bayeux, which he reached before the mass was com-

pleted, and, to the unspeakable joy of the chapter, announced the happy tidings of their deliverance."

This story belongs to too many places to be worth repeating, were it not for the odd Latin distich, which is preserved as having been extemporized by the demon as he was flying over the Tuscan sea, and by which he thought to get his rider to the bottom of it. The verses read both backwards and forwards.

*Signa te, signa, temerè me tangis et angis;  
Roma tibi subito motibus ibit amor.*

We have now occupied as much of our limits as we can spare to this agreeable work; and have only to add, that the author speaks very highly of Mr. Cotman's Norman Antiquities, and also of a History of Anglo-Norman Poetry compiled by the Abbé de la Rue, and now ready for the press. The subject is unquestionably one of deep interest.

#### PARIS.

In the present dearth of new publications, while we take the opportunity of filling our Journal with a greater proportion of miscellaneous matter than of our staple Review, a slight work on the amusements of the French capital may be allowed a slight notice. It is entitled "An Appendix to the Descriptions of Paris," and written by Madme. Domeier, a German Lady\*. Were we not most liberal critics and gallant chevaliers, we might say that it reveals both its foreign and female origin; but as we want nothing from it but a few paragraphs to amuse our readers, we shall leave the worthy authoress in full possession of all the consequence which authorship gives; and neither state that she treats of trite subjects, nor that she takes very often very erroneous views of them. It is with the better parts of Mad. Domeier's appendix that we shall concern ourselves; and thus intending, we shall commence with an extract, which, whatever her own merits as a traveller may be, evinces a good deal of discrimination in regard to the merits of other tour writers.

"The limits," she tells us, "of the human intellect are such, that the most accomplished traveller will only be able to impart useful information on a certain number of objects which fall in the immediate sphere of his own particular knowledge. Large works, therefore, on foreign countries, discussing a variety of heterogeneous matters, often contain compilations, collected without taste, and opinions, formed without proper judgment. Such works are perhaps more profitable to write than to read; but the worst is, that they tend to widen the breach between different nations. If travellers, therefore, contented themselves with communicating such observations only as their talents and pursuits qualify them to make with correct-

\* London, 1820. 12mo. pp. 169.

ness and veracity, fewer prejudices would be propagated, and nations would judge each other with more equity."

This is all very true, except that we exceedingly doubt the notion that such laborious productions as are here described, are "more profitable to write than to read." We believe, that in this respect, the profit is perfectly equal, for O cannot be graduated.

Mrs. Domeier visits Paris, and during a few weeks, runs about to see every thing, just like other folks. But what other folks have generally limited to the benefit of their private friends, reserved to enliven their conversations and lengthen their stories, this more liberal lady has chosen to unlock to the public at large. Now, we will acknowledge after all, that her offence is not heinous; for we consider this to be a fairer course than that of boring us individually, in *propria persona*, with the tales and observations gathered in excursions to Margate or to Paris. A printed encroachment upon our patience can be dismissed at any moment without rudeness; but a *viva voce* communication is a favour not easily got rid of consistently with politeness. And again, we may be sure not to read a tiresome book twice, but we have no security against being obliged to listen to the same dull narration of common place facts and extraordinary nothings half a dozen of times. These arguments are all we can alledge in support of Mad. Domeier's literary labours; and we assure the good-natured world, that it is not without considerable difficulty, that we have found so much to plead for them. At page 19, we read as follows:—

"On Saturday morning I visited some shops in the rue Vivienne, which is the Bond-street of Paris. It seems that the transactions between vendor and purchaser are become intricate and difficult of late. Many English travellers, from having been formerly too liberal in their dealings with French tradespeople, who no doubt often abused it, are now verging to an opposite extreme, and for fear of being duped, hardly ever buy any thing without long and tedious bargaining. The French, on their part, regulate their demands accordingly, asking frequently a third more than they intend to take, all which proceedings make shopping laborious in France."\*

This is a just picture of some of our country people: are the feelings and manners of Britons changing at home and abroad?

Among the spectacles, Mrs. D. went to Mr. Comte's little Theatre.

"He is an admirable ventriloquist, and performed some scenes with an invisible neighbour to the great delight of the company, by no means very select. When the curtain was drawn up a second time, a man was seen walking on the ceiling, dressed like a fly, who was called *homme-mouche*. After he had taken some turns backwards and forwards he threw off his disguise, and danced on a rope with his feet upwards, in which awk-

\* Our landlord at Rouen told me, that a foreign gentleman bargained for his cup of coffee before he paid for it.

ward position he prepared and ate a plate-full of salad, and drank several glasses of wine. There is no doubt that it must be extremely difficult to go through this evolution; but it had better have been impossible, as Dr. Johnson said of a difficult and unharmonious piece of music."

Our fair informant is somewhat addicted to the fantastical. When gratified, there are no bounds to her admiration. *Ex. gr.*—

"The gardens of the Tuilleries, planned by the famous Le Notre, are majestic beyond conception. The imagination may please itself in fancying these strait and long avenues, the limits of which no naked eye can perceive, as being infinite, and thus their regularity is not monotonous, but produces an imposing grandeur."

"At the end of the performance (of the Misanthrope) some verses in praise of Mademoiselle Mars, were thrown from the pit on the stage, with cries addressed to the actors, 'Lisez! lisez!' and on their non-compliance with this peremptory demand, some little disturbance arose in the pit, which was, however, immediately quelled by one of the performers coming forward and saying to the audience, 'Messieurs, nous n'avons pas la permission de lire des écrits qu'on jette sur le théâtre.'"

At the Garden of Plants "one of the enclosures contains eight hundred various species of fruit trees, reared in different parts of France; another, contains four hundred and sixty different plants for domestic uses, and in some parts they have made experiments of uniting different species of trees together, the fruit of which is said to partake of as many different flavours. (!!) With true French humour they have nicknamed one of the plants charlatan, because Pliny, the naturalist, has ascribed to it some qualities which it does not possess."

"On Wednesday morning we saw the Luxembourg, another gorgeous royal palace, the long galleries of which are filled with pictures of ancient and modern artists. French painters seem to excel particularly in perspective, some of their landscapes and views of the interior of palaces and churches, produce a most perfect illusion." (1)

At the French Academy, on the distribution of the Prizes, "The greater part of the literary men then in town were present, and amongst them the venerable Abbé Sicard, the great benefactor of so many human beings. He has greatly improved the Abbé l'Epée's method; but not content with local benevolence, he has extended its influence beyond the Atlantic, by lately sending two of his pupils to America, to form an institution there for the instruction of the deaf and dumb. The capacity of these youths was so great, that they learned the English language during the voyage." (1)

But it is not worth while to multiply these *sottises*; and we shall quote a few observations of a different kind. At Sevre, the writer says—

"A magnificent china table was shewn us, of large dimensions, destined as a present from the King of France to the Prince Regent of England, his present Majesty, for which

the former paid the sum thirty-six thousand francs."

The following is to us quite a new fashion of dancing:—

"On Saturday evening we went with my obliging friends, the Baron and Baroness de P...., to a ball, at Ranelagh, in the Bois de Boulogne, where about a hundred couples were assembled. It is very strange to see young ladies dance with so little spirit as the French generally do. A friend told me, that it was thought unbecoming and beneath the dignity of a woman of fashion to dance with the spirit and vivacity of an opera dancer. But they go too much into the opposite extreme. After Maria-Antoinette had arrived in France, the higher classes applied particularly to dancing, because the young and gay princess excelled in it. But nobody dances now at court, and this amusement is become obsolete. The lower people, however, less guided by fashion than by their inclinations, like it as much as ever, and their very walking in the streets is a kind of dancing step. Nay, the man who swept my rooms (for men in hotels perform most domestic offices), did it in the following curious manner. He put his feet on two hair brooms, covered with damp house cloths, moving alternately one foot after the other, till he had actually danced away the dust from the floor."

The authoress proceeds in a complimentary way, to draw an infamous character of French female morals, and especially of Parisian:—

"It is remarkable, that the generality of young ladies are not only deficient in animation when dancing, but that they are altogether too serious and grave in society. Several Frenchmen told me that they preferred the conversation of well-bred English ladies to that of their own countrywomen. It has been remarked at all times, that females of the higher ranks in France are too reserved whilst single, and too free in their social intercourse with the other sex after they are married. However that may be, I am far from wishing to insinuate, that conjugal fidelity and domestic happiness are not frequently met with in France, and even in Paris."

As an Epitaph is the last of all things, we shall finish this notice with an Epitaph, which Mad. D. informs us, is visible in the burial grounds of Pere la Chaise.

"Amongst the monumental inscriptions, most of which were simple and unassuming, there was one, however, which struck me as a very absurd conceit. A cock was standing on a tomb with the following inscription: 'Je veille ici, pour vous éveiller le dernier jour du jugement.'"

*Henry VIII. and George IV.; or the Case fairly stated.* By Thomas Harral. London, 1820, 12mo. pp. 240.

Without entering into the political opinions of Mr. Harral, which are friendly towards the king and his ministers, we notice this publication simply to say that it will be found useful, as containing a constitutional view of the law of divorce, and a his-

torical illustration of prosecutions for adultery, &c; a concise sketch of the trials of Henry the Eighth's Queens, and a summary of the proceedings in which Queen Caroline has acted so prominent a part since the year 1796. It is subdivided into four parts. The part whence it takes its name is that least skilfully managed; the other parts contain much valuable information at the present time. A very neat frontispiece, with portraits of Henry, Anne Boleyn, George IV. and the Queen, ornaments the volume.

#### THE JESUITS.

*The Emperor Joseph II.'s opinion of the Jesuits.—From a Letter to the Duke de Choiseul, (lately published.)*

I know these people thoroughly; I know all the plans they have accomplished, their endeavours to spread darkness over the earth, and to govern and trouble Europe, from Cape Finisterre to the North Sea. In China they were Mandarins; in France academicians, courtiers, and confessors; in Spain and Portugal the grandees of the kingdom; and in Paraguay kings. Had not my great uncle, Joseph I. become Emperor, we might have seen in Germany, Malagridas, Aveiros, and an attempt at the assassination of a sovereign. But he knew them thoroughly; and when the Sanhedrim of the order once suspected his confessor of honesty, because he showed more attachment to the Emperor than to the Vatican, he was summoned to Rome. He foresaw the cruel fate that awaited him, if he should be obliged to go there, and begged the Emperor to prevent it. Every thing that the monarch did to hinder it was in vain; even the Nuncio, in the name of his court, demanded that he should be removed. Incensed at this despotism of Rome, the Emperor declared, that if this priest must absolutely go to Rome, he should not travel without a numerous escort, for that all the Jesuits in the Austrian dominions should accompany him, and not one of them should ever return. This unexpected, and for those times, uncommonly resolute answer of the Emperor, caused the Jesuits to desist from their purpose.

#### Wine and Walnuts.

##### OR AFTER DINNER CHIT-CHAT.

By a Cockney Grey Beard.

##### CHAPTER. II.

*Sketch of my uncle Zachary, and Ned the Barber.*

It was amid such originals, and surrounded by such imagery, that my thinking faculties were early diverted to the most interesting reveries, excited by the appearance of comical faces, which declared in vast varieties the genuine English Humourist, and the witchery of imagination created by the appearance of ancient walls, and the interiors of buildings, hoary with decay. Hence I conjured up I know not how many associations of the manners, habits, and customs, of the times before, which urged my curiosity to gather from

all the aged people I could meet, every thing worth knowing of what they had witnessed of the past; so that whilst a boy, I felt acquainted with the characteristics of unsophisticated London for more than half a century; and the humourists, and eccentrics of the days of Queen Anne, and George the first, were as familiar to me as though I had lived among them. Indeed I was born a gossip; I was educated among gossips, and up to this moment know no amusement so great as that of sitting round a winter's evening fire, with the remnant of that gossiping fraternity, who, like myself, delight to hold a *cose* about "auld lang sine." Yet it is strange, but not more strange than true, that I had no participant in this penchant for collecting local knowledge of characters and customs of old, for my youthful colleagues were like the boys of the present day, ever restless for something *new*, when marbles gave way to tops, and tops to kites; these, and rambling in the fields, occupied their gay thoughts, when we were liberated from school.

My speculations and *comical* turn, as it was called, did not escape observation however, for the demolition of an antiquated building, even before I had attained my eleventh year, was the cause of a melancholy that betrayed itself in my old-fashioned face. The clergyman of our parish, a facetious fat old gentleman, having seen me sketch some jutting gables at the back of St. Anthony Sheerhog, on the morning of the baptism of my sister Jemima, desired me to bring my portfolio, after dining with the family on the day of the ceremony; when *posing* me on the subject of antiquity, and finding me more apt perhaps than he imagined, he gave me a Queen Anne half-crown, and christened me "Old Mortality." This circumstance most likely, as it was very generally known, gave Sir Walter the hint, for it occurred more than forty years before that bright star of the north was numbered in the glorious constellation of British Poets.

My uncle Zachary, or more properly speaking, my great uncle Zachary, a retired horse milliner\*, was my first patron, and Ned the Barber, my greatest admirer. Ned to me was an oracle; he was the most complete humourist I have ever known, and no mean antiquary. How he became a common foot soldier I could never learn, for some said he was very well born; but such he had been, and having got a hurt in Flanders, he was discharged, and placed on the out pension list at Chelsea; he moreover had a small annuity from the mother of an officer whom he gallantly saved in the battle at Minden. Ned for all this was but a barber's man, for he was a *sot*. He was a great breeder of canaries, a tolerable judge of medals, and had a collection of curious prints; it was to him, good-natured soul! I owed several impressions of old St. Paul's cathedral, engraved by Hollar for the interesting work on that gothic structure by "Master William Dugdale."

Ned knew every body, and was an eye

\* Sadler's ironmonger.

witness, as it should seem, of every extraordinary event; he was talking with sergeant Earl of the guards, the moment before young Allen was shot in the cowhouse at Newington Cross, and preserved to his dying day a jacket stained with the blood of that unfortunate youth, being one of those who picked him up. Ned, like most heroes, was humane; for when shaving my great uncle Zachary the morning after the event, and telling the story, his hand trembled so that he could not proceed. Hogarth was there, and listened attentively to the barber's tale. "I have seen many a comrade fall," said Ned, "but nothing ever cut me like this;" and then with a convulsive sob he cut my uncle Zachary on the upper lip; I believe it was partly my uncle's fault, for he was bibernating.

It mostly happens, that a little evil is rendered a great misery, where the feelings of the perpetrator are too sensitive. "Plague take you!" in great passion, said my uncle to the already much afflicted Ned, who was, when not too far gone, if we may credit general report, certainly the most dextrous shaver in the town. Cobweb, scraped hat, Friar's balsam, and every stypic that could be thought of was applied; blood-stone, and the street door key was put down the back, and all in vain; the wound bled most uncharitably for Ned, and most provokingly for my father, uncle Zachary, Hogarth, and all the party, and it was one o'clock ere they could start for the object of their meeting. For Hogarth had called, by appointment, to walk over London bridge, among the tens of thousands of other curious Londoners, to St. George's Fields to view the spot of this recent catastrophe. Poor Ned sulked away, and I sincerely felt for his chagrin. He called at night after the party had returned, to enquire about my uncle Zachary's lip. The old citizen heard his voice; Hogarth and the group were talking of Wilkes, with their pipes, over a bowl of punch. "Come in Ned," said my father, looking in my uncle's face, anticipating his kind wishes.—"Come in Ned," and filled him a glass of the fragrant liquor. Ned bowed and drank their healths, and began to stammer his apology for what happened in the morning; but my uncle interrupted him with, "I heartily forgive thee, Ned; it was as much my fault as thine, and I like thee for thy feeling. The truth is, the old gentleman had been musing to himself all the way back from St. George's Fields, "Poor Ned, it was no fault of his;" and his coming in afforded my uncle relief, for he felt compunctions for his harshness to my old favorite. So whilst Hogarth was asking him some further particulars about young Allen, my good great uncle was wrapping something in a paper which he secretly slipped into Ned's hand, with a whisper, "You will open it carefully." I afterwards learned it was a curiously chased tobacco box, containing a broad

piece. This, the *thoughtless Ned* soon melted; but the *grateful barber* kept the box in memory of my uncle to the last.

### CHAPTER III.

#### Containing some account of the Master and Mistress of Ned the Barber.

My father had three wigs; two were of the same pattern, with two curls on each side: these were every-day wigs, one of which Ned regularly brought, nicely powdered, every morning when he came to shave master and my uncle; the other he took away to dress; the third was a Sunday wig; this was carried off on the Friday, and returned on Saturday morning. I recollect my father giving orders for a new Sunday one, of the same pattern as that worn by Garrick; and I think I see old "Hecké-becké," weaving the caxon cawl in his shop up four steps at the corner of the street. This appellation attached to old Bumpstead, called Bump by my father, arose out of his waggish humour, Hecké-becké being indicative, according to the dubbing of my father's coterie, of a "smock-faced man." For old Bumpstead had no more hair upon his chin than his wife; and it had been matter of wonder if he had. Ned was full of chat; his dry humour was irresistible. Hogarth called him the "Prattling Barber of Bagdad." He used to strap his razor an hundred times more than there was occasion for, to prolong his gossip, when he shaved my father's head; whereas, old Bumpstead shaved, and never spoke out, and said little more than "Yes, Sir, and so," packed up his razors, covered the soap basin, put the paraphernalia in an old buffette, turned out of the parlour into the kitchen, bent his head, and went away. How many severe jokes did my father cut at old Bump, to the displeasure of my mother, who always pleaded for the unoffending. My father liked the smock-faced Hecké-becké and his wife, none the more for being foreigners—French refugees. But what did my manly-hearted sire feel, on hearing, some years afterwards, that the old couple had died within a week of each other, at the poor house of the parish in which they had paid scot and lot forty years, poor, gentle, honest souls! and how his heart smote him on hearing that it was discovered that they were sisters! Ned had died long before; and though it was supposed he opened all his heart to my father, yet this secret the generous barber carried to his grave.

### CHAPTER IV.

#### Gill Stuart and his Aunt Prudence.

Gill Stuart had a maiden aunt; she was an ancient and wore a narrow hoop, a saque,

and a hood, and might have passed in a glass case for one of the elder Mrs. Salmon's waxen ladies in Westminster Abbey. We used to call her the Scottish sibyl. She was a strange being, making it a rule, among other eccentricities, to show herself but once in her life to any male or female friend or acquaintance of the family. It was reported, that she kept a book, and entered the name, place of abode, age, and descriptive physiognomy of those who had been honoured by an interview; and it was a rare accident that admitted a second time to "the presence." I say the presence, for she maintained that she was of the royal house. She was never seen out of doors; and such was her reluctance to strange faces, that the parson of St. Mary le Strand, commonly called the New Church, on being requested to pray by her in an illness that threatened to send her to the grave, the pious man was constrained to read the prayers for the sick in a closet attached to her chamber, with the door ajar; and although she knew he would not see her, yet she had her face rouged preparatory to the interview.

Prudence (Stuart), for that was her christening name, resided in the attics; and her study, museum, and bed room, all on the same floor, were at the back of the old house, commanding an off-skip, bird's-eye view all along St. George's Fields to the ascent leading to the windmill on the top of Nun-head hills, over the red pantile roofs on the Surrey side of the Thames. This, she said, was her rural demesne, which she contemplated *à la distance*, as she did mankind.

Gill, then a boy, a shade older than myself, (who, had he lived longer, might have attained to an almost equal degree of singularity in his way,) was her greatest favourite. Indeed, he she dubbed her heir, before he was born, provided the embryo should prove a male. Gill, had he been less volatile, was the only one among my playfellows who gave promise of becoming an antiquary. He sometimes brought me information of a "new old building," as he called it, that had eluded my research, which he had discovered in his rambles, and which he would never have noticed but for his cronic Ephraim. Gill was one of those good-natured, and kindly officious fellows, that willingly lent a keen finder's nose, but was too idle to pursue the game. He had the least portion of selfishness that ever was doled out to man, although, like "Tam O' Lyn," he was a "Scotsman born."

Worthy Gill, most persevering in all good offices for his friends, could never be roused to do any mighty matter for himself. The life and soul of his regiment, the money-lender to every good hearted comrade of the mess, keeping no book of principal or interest, never in debt, sober, brave as a lion, the sarcastic scourge of duellists, and the chosen umpire by both sides in all disputes. Even the rebel soldiers, who knew his virtues, after uttering a few oaths and prayers, said he was too good a fellow to fill an American grave so soon, when at the close of the battle of \*\*\*\*\* they laid him respectfully wrapped in his sash, under the blood stained sod. Yes, worthy Gill! old as I am,

† The unfortunate son of a cow-keeper, who was unintentionally shot by a detachment of the guards, during the memorable riots occasioned by Mr. Wilkes being sent to the King's Bench prison in the year 1762.

‡ The curiously wrought pinch-beck tobacco

box, was purchased of the two maiden sisters of Ned the Barber, after his death, by old Mr. Dooley of the Strand; and some curious coins which the humble virtuoso picked up in the ruins, after the fire in the Savoy in 1777, were disposed of to Mr. Dooley's next door neighbour, old Mr. Hodsoll, the banker. This information I had from the venerable Mr. Clarke of Exeter Change.

should I find that "*I am read*," my next work shall be devoted to thy biography.

Gill had no rest until he had brought about an acquaintance with aunt Pru, for so he called her, and myself; he was a confident dog, and assumed the manners and phraseology of One even a wit too, who had lived much longer and seen more of life. But he had by nature the largest stock of *bien-sance*, and the least of *mauvaise honte*, of any youngster in our parish, which was not lacking of population; in fact, he did every thing like a man.

"You must know my aunt, old Ephraim," said the saucy Gill, "for I know you were designed for each other." Now I had then not entered my "teens," and she might have added my years to fifty, and been yet *under age*. She looked even ten more than that. Gill succeeded, and she was a *host* of information; chapter and verse, she could with little rummaging of her brain, point to the local history of the oddities of that age, from Charing Cross west, to Cornhill east, and nearly fill up the transept from old Somerset House south, to Montague House north: Old Tabby as she was to others, she was a very "Tablet of Memory" to me.

Prudence Stuart was a great prognosticator; but her *pre*-knowledge was mingled, rather strongly too, with her *pre*-judices; and her fore-tellings, were sometimes *bitter* forebodings, where the parties were *not to her taste*. I had the "good hap" to be only second to Gill in her good graces, and so she cast my Fortune. It is but doing bare justice to her memory however, to say, that she comprehended Old Lilly; knew how to construct all the houses, quarters, crannies, and crinkum crankums of a horoscope; and was as well acquainted with the intentions of the Fates, as though she had been the fourth daughter of the father and mother of that "skin and grief" sisterhood. She knew the secrets of the Planets almost as well as the sage wight, our worthy contemporary *IV<sup>\*\*\*</sup>V<sup>\*\*\*</sup>*, although the *scowling* Georgium Sidus, had not then shed its portentous light, to illuminate such mystical speculators.

Several of Prudence Stuart's foretellings have suited to a T; some are yet unaccomplished, but among others she wrote upon the aforementioned horoscope, which she folded up in the form of an Asiatic puzzle, and sent to my mother—That "I was cut out for the *chair* of a learned body." My mother received this very courteously, though she never was gratified by a sight of "Aunt Pru." My father, who had any day rather been ferried over the Styx than the Tweed, and moreover not being very ceremonious in his phrase, called her a "Scotch canting painted old Jesabel," and swore "she had dealings with the devil." My mother, on the *contrary*, though not at all in the spirit of *contradiction*, thought her a very extraordinary person, and regarded her none the less for being a Stuart. Indeed the two ladies professed a great respect for each other. Prudence had heard nought but "good report" of the matron, whilst the matron, on her part, esteemed aunt Pru, because she heard she was pious, and ordered

coals to be sent to her distressed neighbours in frost and snow.

*Errata.*—In last No. p. 633, l. 21 of the second col. For soldier, sailor, and *mariner*, read, soldier, sailor, and *marine*. Also (l. 7.) for *connoisseur* character, read, *connoisseur* of character.

## ORIGINAL CORRESPONDENCE.

### A CONCISE VIEW OF THE INCONTINENCE OF THE CLERGY ANTERIOR TO THE REFORMATION.

To the *Editor of the Literary Gazette*.

Sir.—The subject of which I am about to treat is I confess singular, but I hope, on that account, not the less interesting to many of your literary readers. The want of sufficiently uninterrupted series of materials will prevent me from presenting them with so regular a view of it as I could wish; but still the loose fragments (rather I must confess, a "rudis indigestaque moles,") here collected, will exhibit a tolerably correct idea of those excesses and indiscretions which eventually proved one of the principal instruments of depriving the clergy of their power, and reducing them to a state of indigence and poverty. It is undoubtedly astonishing, that the Ecclesiastics should have yielded so much to the frequency of this vice, when it was usual to chain up in their religious houses, books inciting a directly opposite line of conduct, and containing tales calculated, as one might have supposed, to warn them against its indulgence; but alas! Monachism, as an ingenious writer\* has justly remarked, was an institution founded on the first principles of religious virtue wrongly understood and wrongly directed. As soon as its duties became mechanical operations, the work was performed and the principle disregarded; while the heart left open to the world, was constantly prompting those aberrations, which naturally result from the opposition of sentiment to duty.

*Gildas*, who wrote about the year 565, has left behind him the following description of the clergy at that period. "Sacerdotes habet Britannia, sed insipientes: quamplurimos ministros, sed imprudentes: clericos, sed raptore subdolos: postores, (at dieuntur) sed occisioni animalium lupos paratos: (quippe non commoda plebi providentes, sed proprii plenitudo ventris querentes). Ecclesie domus habentes, sed turpis lueri gratia eas aduentus: populos docentes, sed praebendo *peccava exempla via, malosque mores: precepta Christi spernentes, et suas libidines votis omnibus impiere curantes, &c. &c.*" This invective against them he continues through fifteen pages. It is supposed, by Dr. Henry, in his *History of England* †, that the Anglo Saxons who settled in this country, A.D. 449, were on their first arrival particularly chaste, a virtue they were supposed to have inherited from their ancestors the

\* Rev. T. D. Fosbrooke.

† Epist. Gild. ap. Gale. p. 23.

‡ Vol. 4.—Vid. also Wilkins *Concil. tom. i.* p. 118, &c.

Germans; but that the imprudent zeal of the clergy in attempting to carry this virtue to a greater height than the laws of nature or the good of society would admit, produced a bad effect on the manners of that people, especially on the behaviour of the Ecclesiastics. *Kenfrith*, Earl of Mercia, in a donation to the Abbot *Aldelmus*, in 680, thus writes on the depraved and corrupt state of the country. "Fortuna fallents seculi pro-  
cax non lacteo immarcescibilium filiorum candore amabilis, sed fellita evitandise corruptionis amaritudine odibilis, filios in valle lacrymarum fastentes carnis rictibus venenosus mordaciter dilacerat, que quamvis arridento sit in felicibus attractibilis, Ach-  
eronta tamen ad mna Cocyti insitus alti subveniat boantis impudenter est declivis §. The same words are repeated in a grant to the Monastery of Meldun, by King Athelstan, A.D. 938. In reading, however, the chronicles of the monks, we rarely find them implicate any of their own profession in these unchaste proceedings, but inveigh merely against the laity. Thus the faults of an Edgar and an Edwy are astonishingly magnified; while St. Dunstan, St. Winifred, St. Edmund, and a thousand others, are held up as shining models for imitation, and described as scouring themselves with thorns, rolling in the snow, &c. &c., in order to escape the libidinous attacks of the devil. One of the exploits of *St. Edmund*, is very curiously related in a MS. of *The lives of the Saints*, from which it appears, that he was even from his childhood inclined to piety and virtue, and a bitter enemy to every description of lewdness. As it is not very long, I shall insert it for the amusement of your readers. It describes the manner in which he treated the daughter of his hostess, who was in love with him:—

His ostasse had a douter, \* ther he was at  
inne,  
That louede moche this holi childe, gef b his het  
migte c winne.

Heo d ne kotho nether non other wit; heo e  
fontede forto do  
Folie nigt and dai, gef heo migte bringe him  
ther to,

Heo f had him, that heo g moste anigt to his  
bedde h wende.  
This holi man i ne wernede hure nogt, ac dode  
ase the heade.

Heo was glad now, for k er heo hadde wel  
ofte,  
A nigt l the heo sri hure time, to his bedde heo  
com wel ofte.

Hure clothes heo dode of anon, as rigt is of  
bedde,

And naked hure made to crepe in, ac m feble  
hure spedde,  
For Saint Edmund hadde a smarte n gerde, this  
woman o adon he bréddé

And leide vp on hure naked bodi, that p hee in  
awaide,  
He e ne spared rig ne side nother, er heo to  
gronde bleide,

§ Guliel. Malines. de Pontif. p. 345.  
\* Where. b She. c Get. d Neither spoke of  
neither any other knew. e Tried. f Desired.  
g Might one night. h Go. i Did not deny her  
at all, but did as the kind. k Before. l When  
she saw her. m Feebly. n Red. o Down  
she threw. p She was made in. q Neither spared

Quelche heo migte bure foule thogt: mid blode  
that heo schadde.  
And euer seide this holi man, as heo leide on  
hure faste,  
" Maide, thou schalt lerni thus, awei forto  
caste  
The wille of thi bodi flesch, with such  
discipline.  
He thogte lit of ful thogt, or this gondeman  
would y fine.  
This wenche wende agen softe, hure rug  
emerte sore.  
b He bi gat so lite tho, that huro ne longede  
thuder na more.  
Cleue woman heo bi com, with onte flesches  
deide,  
And cleue maidi suthhe deide, as oure schriffrader sede.  
Thus maidenes that beoth wilful, foli for  
to do,  
Ich woldes, he fonde such a leman, that hem  
woldis chasti so.

Hearne has inserted these lines in his Glossary to the *Chronicles of Peter Langtoft*, from which I have taken them. From the frequent precepts and reprimands however given to the Ecclesiastics, and the numberless canons made against unchasteness, we may readily conclude, that the clergy were far from imitating the conduct of St. Edmund; but on the contrary, gave themselves up to the indulgence of this vice. Thus, *Pope Sergius*, at the end of the seventh century, in an injunction to the monks of Meldun, writes: "Hortamur vos in Dei laudibus et orationibus studiosi, atque per vigiles abstinentes, castimonia, purificatio tenaciter inherentes;" and a little lower down adds, "immaculatos vos non solum à cogitatione carnali, sed etiam à sermonibus noxiis et cogitationibus custodire, ut castitas atque sobrietas corporis simul et spiritus vestri, ante Dei oculos lucent," &c. Aldanus likewise makes use of these words to St. Wilfrid. "Posco, ut nequaquam prostitula lupanarum nugas in quibus pom-pulenta prostituta delitescant, lenocinante luxu ideas;" and, moreover, advises him to refrain from reading; "lasciva poetarum carmina." Bede tells us, that the Abbess of Walton Monastery, in John Beverley's time, had a carnal daughter, who was a nun of that house; and we learn from some old rhymes of *Abbot Maledern*, that the "Clarkes" of Gloucester were banished by Canute on account of their vicious living. The *Anglo Saxon* laws against fornication and adultery || were very severe; but the only persons who suffered by them were the laity, the clergy always contriving to escape the penalties.

back nor side neither, 'ere she to ground. \* With.  
\* Shad. \* Learn. \* Foul. \* Little of foul.  
\* End. \* Went. \* Back. \* She got. \* Longed  
not to go thither any more. \* Afterwards died.  
\* Confessor said. \* Be. \* They found. \* Chastise.

|| I refer such of your readers as may be desirous of being acquainted with the penalties attached to fornication, rape, and adultery, by the Anglo Saxons, to the laws of Alfred, 8, 11, 18, 20, 22. *Canute*, 24, 49. *Edon*, 4. *Edgar*, 24, 26, 32, 33, 34, 35, 36. *Ethelred*, 4. *Costel*. *Ælfric*, 4, 8. *Northum.* *Presbyt.* *Leg.* 63. *Offa*, 10, 11, 12, 14, 16, 81, 82, 83, 84. *Sec. Sec. Sec.*

The distinction observed between the laity and ecclesiastics is singularly marked in the series of questions put to Pope Gregory by Austin, in 601; the XIVth. of which was, " May a man after an impure dream receive the communion, or if he be a priest administer it?" After some deliberation, his holiness replied, that a man in the case mentioned ought not to communicate, but a priest might! By a canon of the synod of Berghamsted, held 697, under Withred King of Kent, adultery is punished by penances, and if the offender be obstinate, by excommunication\*. At the council of Calcuti held in 785, a canon was made, that bastards, particularly the *children of nuns*, should be incapable of inheriting†. In a like council of both orders, held by King Edmund at London, in 944, one of the canons ordained, that uncleanliness with a nun, should be on equal crime with adultery, and subjected to the same penalties‡. And in the reign of Canute, the compensation for a rape on a nun was as high as murder, besides deprivation of Christian burial.

The character of the clergy about the year 1065, may be pretty correctly ascertained from the writings of one of their own class; who relates, that King Edward, in this year falling sick, saw a vision, wherein appeared to him two holy men, who told him, that " primores Angliae, Duces, Episcopi, Abbates, non sunt ministri Dei, sed Diaboli ¶."

Indeed the ordinary tenor of the monks proceedings may be learnt from the following verses §, written at the beginning of the 12th century; wherein the author having reproved their indolence, gluttony, &c. thus alludes to their unchastity.

An other abbæe is ther bi  
For sote a great numeris;  
Up a river of swet milk,  
Whar is plente gret of silk.  
When the summeris dai is hote,  
The young nunnes takith a bote,  
And doth hem forth in that river,  
Both with oris, and with stre:  
When hi bith fyr from the abbei  
Hi maketh hem naked for to plei,  
And leith dune into the brune,  
And doth hem sleilich for to swimme;  
The yung monkes that hi seith,  
Hi doth ham up, and forth he fleeth,  
And comith to the nunnes anon,  
And each monk him takith on,  
And spenlich berith forth har prei,  
To the mochel gret abbæi, &c., &c., &c. \*

Pope Honorius II. having appointed John de Crema as his legate in England, he accordingly presided in a council held on September the 9th, A.D. 1126, when one

\* *Rapin Hist. Eng.* vol. i. p. 76.

† *Spel. Concil. vol. i. p. 291.*

‡ *Ibid. 420.* ¶ *Higd. Polychron. p. 284.*

§ *Wart. Hist. Eng. Poet. p. 11.* *Hickes. Thes. tom. i. pp. 132, 133.*

• What follows is too distinct and broad for our pages. ED. The quotation thus concludes.

And think monk that clepeth best,  
And doth is likam all to rest,  
Of him is hope, God hit wote,  
To be gone vader Abbot."

of the regulations was, that the clergy should keep no women in their houses, except their sisters, aunts, or those of whom there could be no suspicion ||; but that very night after the council had broken up, the legate, who had declaimed with great warmth in honour of immaculateness, and inveighed with no less vehemence against the horrid impurity of married clergy, was actually caught in bed with a " frail fair one;" and his detection was so public, that being unable to shew his face openly any more, he sneaked out of England with the greatest secrecy and precipitation\*. *Walter de Mares*, the facetious archdeacon of Oxford, and chaplain to Henry II., wrote a satire on *Pope Innocent*, in defence of the marriage of the clergy; the following is an extract from it.

O quam dolor anxius, quam tormentum grave,  
Nobis est dimittere quoniam est suave!  
O Romane Pontifex, statuisti prave,  
Ne in tanto crimine moriaris, cave.  
Non est Innocentius, imo nocens vere,  
Qui quid facta docuit, studet aboleri,  
Et quod olim Juventu volunt habere,  
Modo vetus Pontifex studet prohibere.

• • •  
*Gignere præcipit vetus Testamentum,*  
*Ubi Novum prohibet nusquam est inventum.*  
*Dedit enim Dominus maledictionem:*  
*Viro, qui non fecerit generationem:*  
*Ergo tibi consulo per hanc rationem,*  
*Gignere, ut habeas benedictionem.*

And he concludes thus:—

Ecce jam pro clericis multum allegavi,  
Nec-aon pro Presbyteris plura comprobavi.  
Pater Noster nunc pro me quoniam peccavi,  
Dicat quisque Presbyter cum suâ suavi. +

King John during his reign, we are informed, was so enraged at the interdiction that he compelled every priest's concubine to pay a grievous fine.

At a synod held at Oxford, by Cardinal Langton, A.D. 1222; the 28th canon prohibits clergymen to keep concubines publicly in their own houses, or to resort to them in other places, so openly as to occasion scandal. And at another synod, held at Canterbury by the same Cardinal in the same year, three men were condemned; one of whom was a *deacon*, who, to marry a Jewish woman, had actually circumcised himself §. At a council held also in London, A.D. 1237, by Cardinal Otho, the 16th rule is against priests keeping concubines ||; and again, at one assembled at Reading, under Archbishop Peckham, in 1279, the same canon is repeated ¶; so that we may easily conclude what little effect they had in correcting and preventing this vice.

(To be continued.)

|| *Spelm. Concil. tom. 2. p. 34.*

\* *Hen. Hunt. lib. 7. p. 219.* R. *Hoveden. p. 274.* H. *Knighthon. col. 2382, &c.*

† *Camd. Rem. pp. 334, 335.* *Golden Fleece. 1622. 4to. p. 67.*

‡ *Wilkins Concil. tom. i. p. 590.* § *Ibid. 1616. 4to. p. 67.*

|| *Spelm. Concil. tom. ii. p. 218.* *Wilk. Concil. tom. i. p. 649.*

¶ *Spel. Concil. tom. ii. p. 300.*

To the Editor of the *Literary Gazette*.

Sir.—If the following observations be thought sufficiently interesting to your readers to deserve a place in the *Literary Gazette*, they are much at your service.

ALEXANDER THE GREAT.

Sir William Drummond, in his *HEPI TON OOKIKOE*, (vide the *Classical Journal*, vol. 16, p. 89 to 95,) doubts if *Duhl Karnien*, means Alexander the Great. I have no hesitation in declaring, without apprehension of contradiction, that there is not *any doubt* but this is the term by which that conqueror was and is designated, in the language of the sons of Ismael. (Arabic.)

There appears, however, to be a mistake in Sir William's orthography, as the Arabic words are *Bb el Karnien*, which literally translated, signify the father of two horns, in allusion to his power and conquests in the east and in the west. The term horn, in the East, and in Africa, is emblematical of power.

THE EGYPTIAN CUBIT.

Sir William Drummond in his learned dissertation in the sciences of the Egyptians and Chaldeans, discusses the various opinions of the learned men of Europe, respecting the exact length of the Egyptian cubit. Sir William, in that dissertation, which is inserted in the *Classical Journal*, vol. 16, p. 270, says, the Egyptian cubit called *drdla*, is estimated by Bishop Cumberland at 21  $\frac{1}{2}$  English inches; by Freret at 20  $\frac{1}{2}$  French inches, by D'Availle, at 19 French inches and 8 or 9 lines: but all these calculations are erroneous; for having resided upwards of sixteen years in Africa as a merchant, where only the Egyptian cubit is used as a measure, I can assert from my own knowledge, that the Egyptian cubit, of which Sir William speaks, is exactly 20  $\frac{1}{2}$  inches English measure; and that seven Egyptian cubits make exactly four English yards.

MATAMORES.

In my travels in Africa, annexed to Shabeaney's account of Timbuctoo and Housa, reviewed by you in the 171st and in the 178th number of the *Literary Gazette*, I have committed a considerable error; for in page 339 of that work, I have used the term *matifères*, when speaking of *matamores*, the first being a reservoir for water, the latter for corn. A description of the latter will be found in the note, page 195 of that work. I do not know how I can better apologize to a liberal public for this blunder, than through your intelligent vehicle of literary intelligence. A long period has elapsed since I was a resident in Africa, and time destroys all things; our memories are frail and treacherous, and we lose much for want of a record. I am, Sir, &c.

JAMES G. JACKSON.

22d. Sept. 1820

TALES OF MY LANDLORD.

To the Editor of the *Literary Gazette*.

Sir.—The character of Caleb Balderstone, in the *Bridal of Lammermuir*, has been objected to by many, as being overstrained; and it has been alleged by the *Edinburgh*

Review, that he belongs more to the Italian school of burlesque, than to that of humorous delineation of genuine character. With these objectors and critics, I confess I do not agree. Old Caleb appears to me, to be a very fair portraiture of an attached old servant to a falling house, with the fortunes of which he has completely identified himself. I am confident, that in every-day life, instances may be found of servants concealing the poverty of their masters as zealously, scheming as assiduously, and lying as earnestly, as the last retainer of the house of Ravenswood. He is, in fact, but the lying valet of an upper order, a more subtle wit, and a more chivalrous dog, than Sharp in Garrick's (if it be Garrick's) farce. I believe, if his artifices were fairly examined, it would be found, that there is not one of them which has not been resorted to by these desperate defenders of family honour these "faithful servants to their master, and rogues to all the world beside."

None, for example, of all the expedients of Caleb, is more extravagant than the burning, or pretending to burn his master's castle, to avoid giving a reception to the Marquis. And yet we find that poverty actually, in real life, compelled a nobleman of the sister kingdom to have recourse to a similar stratagem. As the story is curious, I shall transcribe it from Smith's *History of Cork*, vol. i. p. 151. There certainly is a difference between the stories; but what was projected in Ireland, might, without much stretch of fancy, be conceived to be done in Scotland; and I believe the reader will confess, that the activity of the steward of Mogeely bears some similarity to the desperate fidelity of the old domestic of Wolfshope. "On the banks of the Bride, are the ruins of several of Desmond's castles, Nogeely, two miles W. of Tallow, was a principal seat of the Earl himself. It takes its name from the parish church, which in old Irish was named *Moidhealladh*, i. e. the church of the vow. At this castle, resided Thomas, the great Earl of Desmond who had a favourite steward, that often took very great liberties with his lord: and by his permission, tyrannized over the earl's tenants, equally with his master. This steward, unknown to the earl, gave an invitation in his lord's name to a great number of chiefs of Munster, with their followers, to come and spend a month at this castle. The invitation was accepted, and crowds of gentlemen flocked in, to the great surprise of Desmond, who began to be alarmed lest sufficient provisions should not be found for such a number of guests. They had not stayed many days, when provisions in reality began to fail, and at last, the earl's domestics informed him, that they could not furnish out a dinner for the next day. The earl was in a great straighth, and knew not what to do, for his pride could not brook to let his guests know any thing of the matter; besides his favourite steward, who used to help him in such difficulties, was absent. At length, he thought of a stratagem to save his credit; and inviting all his company to hunt next morning, ordered his servants to set fire to

the castle as soon as they were gone, and pretend it was done by accident. The earl and his company hunted all the forenoon; and from the rising grounds, he every moment expected with a heavy heart, to see Mogeely in a flame. At length, about dinner time, to his great surprise, his favourite steward arrived, mounted upon a fresh horse, whom [the steward, I presume, not the horse] the earl threatened severely for being so long absent at such a juncture. The steward told him he arrived just time enough at the castle to prevent his orders from being executed; and farther, that he had brought a large prey of corn and cattle, sufficient to subsist him and his company for some months; which news not a little rejoiced the earl, who returned with his guests to the castle, where they found sufficient plenty of every thing they wanted."

The *rise* in the tale is transferred from the master to the man; and justly, for it would not be consistent with the high honour of Ravenswood; but I should not be astonished if this story gave the first idea of the burning of the castle. The steward's behaviour at the end of the adventure at Mogeely, is quite à la Balderstone.

Sept. 16, 1820.

Yours, &c.,  
Middleton, Co. Cork.

G. S.

ARTS AND SCIENCES.

THE ECLIPSE OF THE SUN, ON THE 7th SEPTEMBER.

[Extracts from various Communications.]

*Manheim Observatory*, Sept. 9th.—The very remarkable solar eclipse of the 7th instant, could only be observed here at intervals, the sky being at times covered with clouds. The commencement was wholly lost, and a pretty thick cloud passing over at the end, that moment could only be estimated: the subsequent statement is therefore not certain within a few seconds. On the other hand, the observation of the two principal moments, the formation and the disappearance of the solar ring, was very good, because the sun was entirely free from clouds during the whole time of its annular appearance.

The following are the moments of these three phases, as noted in the *Grand Duke's Observatory* here. First internal contact of the edges, at 2<sup>h</sup> 37' 37" true time; second internal contact of the edges, 2<sup>h</sup> 42' 32" true time; end of the whole eclipse, 4<sup>h</sup> 0' 50" nearly. These data coincide very accurately with those we before gave. The formation of the solar ring took place in a very remarkable manner. The extremely narrow annulus seemed, about a second before the ring was completely formed, to be interrupted in some places, and the separate parts then ran in a moment into one another, like two globules of water or quicksilver, that are very near together. The cause of this appearance is, doubtless, to be sought in the great inequalities in the moon's edge, the more level parts of which suffered the sun's light to appear, while the more elevated parts interrupted it. Indeed, during the whole eclipse, several lofty mountains on the moon's edge, particularly on the

southern part, were plainly to be distinguished. A similar phenomenon took place also, at the disappearance of the annulus; for it parted not in one place, but in several at the same time; so that for a moment the fine thread of light seemed to be broken into several parts. Nothing was perceived of any phenomenon, the cause of which might be looked for in the lunar atmosphere. The thermometer and barometer were observed several times during the eclipse. The thermometer was from 1 till 2 o'clock, at  $15^{\circ}3$ , towards 3, a little after the middle of the eclipse, it fell to  $13^{\circ}8$ ; and about 4, at the end of the eclipse, it rose again to  $15^{\circ}1$ . This small difference of one degree and a half leaves it uncertain whether it is to be ascribed to the eclipse. The barometer stood from 1 to 3 o'clock, at 28 inches 0.6 lines; in the hour from 3 to 4, it rose to 28 inches 0.9 lines. About the middle of the eclipse, there was a sensible diminution of the daylight, which if the sky had been entirely clouded, would doubtless have been considerable. The sun was wholly free from spots.

*Augsburgh*, 10th Sept.—We were unable to observe here with perfect accuracy the beginning of the remarkable eclipse on the 7th, on account of the passing clouds, which after half past 12 o'clock seemed to hinder all observation. From 34 minutes past 1 till 38 minutes past 3, we were able to make accurate observations, though frequently interrupted by clouds; after which, the sky was entirely covered with clouds, so that no observation could be made of the end of the phenomenon. For the present, we subjoin only some of the many observations of the Rev. Mr. Stark. At  $2^{\text{h}} 28^{\text{m}}$  the moon appeared to be of a dark copper colour; at  $2^{\text{h}} 30^{\text{m}} 31^{\text{s}}$  the chord between the tips of the horns, caused by the interposition of the moon, amounted to  $23^{\text{m}} 57^{\text{s}}$  and 7 tenths, in parts of the sun's diameter. From the time of the closing till that of the opening of the ring, formed by the entrance of the whole moon within the sun's disc, there passed  $5^{\text{m}} 47^{\text{s}}$  and a half: at the interesting moment of the central eclipse, objects on the earth appeared of a yellow colour, inclining to violet: Reaumur's thermometer fell  $3\frac{1}{2}$  degrees, and the manometer indicated  $1\frac{1}{2}$  French grains less porosity: a large burning glass produced combustion at the time of the central eclipse.

*Frankfort, on the Maine*, 11th September.—The following are the results of the observations made by Mr. Ulrich, architect, of this city, with several friends of astronomy, upon the solar eclipse on the 7th instant, with two very good instruments; viz. an achromatic telescope by Wilson, and a reflecting telescope by Hurter.

1st. The beginning of the eclipse, the edge of the moon apparently coming in contact with the edge of the sun, was at  $1^{\text{h}} 14' 14''$  P. M. true time, at Frankfort. 2d. At  $1^{\text{h}} 59' 14''$  the moon covered 6 inches of the sun's diameter; and at  $2^{\text{h}} 36' 44''$  it covered 11 inches; therefore, the moon advanced one inch on the sun's diameter in  $7' 30''$ . 3d. At  $2^{\text{h}} 37' 29''$  the tips of

the horns joined on the sun's north-west limb, and the ring was formed: and at  $2^{\text{h}} 43' 4''$ , the tips of the horns parted, the moon breaking through the ring: the annular duration of the eclipse was, therefore,  $5' 35''$ , and the middle of the whole eclipse was at  $2^{\text{h}} 40' 16''$ . The ring was now about 36' broad, on the sun's lower limb, and 16' broad on the sun's upper limb. 4th. Inequalities on the moon's edge were very distinguishable; and when the tips of the horns were about  $10^{\circ}$  asunder, two lighter points appeared at this place, which quickly joined and united with the tips of the horns. 5th. When 9 inches of the sun's diameter were eclipsed, a burning glass would not set fire to tinder or touchwood, and the warmth in the focus was scarcely perceptible on the hand. 6th. The daylight diminished, and the shadows of objects grew faint. The diminution of the temperature of the air, from the western side, was also very considerable. 7th. When the moon broke through the ring, the sun was covered with clouds, so that the end of the eclipse could not be observed; but, according to the above data, it must have been at  $4^{\text{h}} 6' 19''$  and consequently, the whole duration of the eclipse was  $2^{\text{h}} 52' 5''$ .

*Bamberg*, 9 September.—At  $2^{\text{h}} 40'$  the disc of the sun was almost wholly covered by the moon, but the ring was not yet quite formed. This appearance lasted but two minutes, the sun being immediately covered again with thick clouds. At Wurtzburg, the ring was plainly seen at  $2^{\text{h}} 30'$  with the naked eye; the beams of the sun being rendered fainter by the interposition of thin clouds. Both the light and the temperature of the air were sensibly diminished.

*Munich*, 10 September.—At the Observatory of Munich, the only one where the eclipse of 7 September was to be seen perfectly central, the observation was very imperfect, on account of the cloudy sky. The only part that was accurately observed was the first internal contact, or the moment of the formation of the ring. This was at  $13^{\text{h}} 59' 36.9$  sidereal time, or  $2^{\text{h}} 53' 23''$  mean time. The final closing of the ring took place with the rapidity of lightning. There was no indication of a lunar atmosphere at the points of the horns, and the profile of the lunar mountains on the edge, appeared almost incredibly clear and defined.

In the middle of the city of Munich, about 65 Bavarian feet above the surface of the river Isar, the following observations were made. At  $1^{\text{h}} 27'$ , the thermometer was at  $14^{\circ}4'$ ; the barometer, 26 inches 7.7 lines: at  $2^{\text{h}} 56'$ , therm.  $13^{\circ}$ ; barom. 26 inches 7.7 lines: at  $4^{\text{h}} 16'$ , therm.  $12^{\circ}9'$ ; barom. 26 inches 7.9 lines. The wind was constantly north, and clouds passing. At  $2^{\text{h}} 45'$  the light was sensibly diminished.

*Stuttgart*.—The sun was visible only at intervals through the passing clouds. The beginning of the eclipse was hidden by a cloud; but soon after, i. e. at  $1^{\text{h}} 17' 30''$ , a small segment of the sun was seen to be obscured. A cloud also hindered us from observing the first moment of the formation of the ring. The middle of the annular ap-

pearance was estimated at between  $2^{\text{h}} 44'$  to  $45'$ ; the end of the annular appearance was observed through thin clouds at  $2^{\text{h}} 47'$ . The eclipse ended at  $5^{\text{h}} 5'$  and a few seconds. The appearance of the ring was very interesting, even to the naked eye, the sun being more or less veiled by clouds. At the middle of the eclipse, many spectators thought they observed a sensible though small diminution of the light, which did not seem to be entirely the effect of the clouded sky, and an uncommonly gloomy appearance of terrestrial objects.

*Strasburg*.—The clouds dispersed about the middle of the eclipse, so that it could be accurately observed. Here too it was annular. The annular appearance lasted only from  $2^{\text{h}} 37'$  to  $2^{\text{h}} 39' 4''$ . Thin clouds afterwards passed over the sun, but without impeding the observation. The diminution of the daylight was sensible. When the eclipse was at the height, it seemed as if the full moon shone; no stars were visible, only Venus was seen in the horizon.

*Berlin*.—Clouds hindered any observation of the beginning of the eclipse, and they did not disperse so as to shew the sun, till  $1^{\text{h}} 45'$ . Clouds frequently crossed afterwards. At the middle of the eclipse, the daylight was sensibly fainter, and the almost annular appearance of the sun, was an extremely interesting sight through thin clouds. As far as the state of the atmosphere allowed, the necessary observations were made at the Observatory.

*Hamburg*.—The sky being covered with clouds, continually interrupted the observation. The sky was sensibly obscured.

*Holland*.—The eclipse was observed at *Leiden*, by Mr. Ekama; beginning,  $0^{\text{h}} 43' 51''$ ; end,  $3^{\text{h}} 34' 9''$ .

*Utrecht*, by Mr. Schroeder; beginning,  $0^{\text{h}} 48' 50''$ ; end,  $3^{\text{h}} 37' 48''$ .

*Breda*, by Mr. Nahuys; beginning  $0^{\text{h}} 49' 54''$ ; end,  $3^{\text{h}} 38'$ , true time (calculated according to an accurately drawn meridian).

Meissrs. Ekama and Nahuys, observed the planet Venus west of the sun, at the time of the greatest obscuration.

Mr. Ekama observed, that the ends of the illuminated horns were not exactly defined, and so unsteady, that it was difficult to measure their distance, as they were joined by a thread of light, and the whole not distinctly bounded.

At Utrecht, Fahrenheit's thermometer fell during the eclipse, from  $68^{\circ}$  to  $64^{\circ}$ ; at Groningen, from  $67^{\circ}$  to  $62^{\circ}$ . Professor Uilkens remarked, that this eclipse had no effect on the poultry and wild pigeons, but that the bees assembled in their hives, as they do towards evening. It was also remarked, that during the eclipse some flowers closed, and opened again as it passed off.

*Rome* 26th August.  
*Progress of Science*.—About seven or eight months ago, Mr. Settele, Professor of Astronomy to the Academia della Sapienza, laid before the Maestro del sacro Palazzo, the manuscript of his course of lectures, to obtain leave to print it. This was refused, because Settele taught the motion of the

earth round the sun, a doctrine which is known to be condemned by the Court of Rome, and for broaching which Galileo was thrown into prison. Application was therefore made to the Inquisition, to solicit a decision conformable to the present state of the sciences. The holy office gave its decision a few days ago, and permitted the publication of the above named work, as well as the public teaching of the Copernican system. But Mr. Settele is in a note commanded to remark, "in conformity with the truth," that it cannot appear surprizing that Galileo's theory experienced opposition at a time when it was still new, and by no means generally adopted; and that the persecution which Galileo suffered, was to be attributed more to his conduct, and to the improper language which he used, than to the system which he attempted to prove.

## BOTANY.

Communicated by Mr. Phillips.

The ash-tree, which is this year unusually full of fruit or seeds, commonly called keys, will be found worthy the attention of those who are fond of the curiosities of nature. The pod of the fruit is in shape like a bird's tongue, having only one cell that contains a seed of the same shape. By opening the pod carefully with a pen knife, the umbilical cord will be found running from the stalk to the upper-end of the fruit, where it enters to convey the nourishment to the germ, which (on opening from the reverse end,) will be found the future tree, so formed both in trunk and leaves, as not even to require the assistance of magnifiers to see the perfect plant. I am not aware of any other kernel that affords so distinct a resemblance of its parent; or that this circumstance has been noticed to the public in any work.

NEW INVENTION OF LE BATEAU ROULANT.—Some trials of a boat on a new construction have lately been made at Paris. In the second trial, the inventor placed himself with his apparatus below the platform of the Pont Neuf. He set out from this point at ten minutes before ten, having on board Mr. Dacheux, an experienced mariner, who took charge of the helm. Messrs. Marlet and Thibault, inspectors of the navigation, followed in another boat, to observe the operations. In twenty minutes at the utmost, he proceeded beyond the Pont Royal, after having passed and repassed under the arches, and landed opposite the Quay d'Orsay. There he made his laud apparatus act, and roll the boat to the School of Natation, which was the end of his expedition.

The author of this ingenious discovery wished to prove, that by the aid of his machine, we may with equal ease roll on land and navigate on water, without the aid of the wind, or even of ordinary oars; and that the motions on both elements are neither interrupted, nor the velocity impeded. The whole secret lies in the moving power which makes it act, and remains constantly the same, except that the hinder wheel becomes the rudder when the boat is in the water.

You may go with the wind favourable or against you; tack, ascend, or descend a river, at pleasure. The author asserts, that with a small decked vessel of this kind, it would be possible in calm weather to cross the channel rapidly, without fear of being overtaken by any boat.—*Foreign Journals.*

## FRENCH SOCIETY OF NATIONAL INDUSTRY.

At a late general meeting of the above society, the prizes proposed for this year were distributed. Count De Lasteyrie presided. A prize of 1,200 francs was presented to M. Chevanard, and 1,000 francs to M. Galteaux, for improvements in the manufacture of carpets. Gold medals were also awarded to M. M. Appert of Paris, and Quinton of Bordeaux, for their plans for the preservation of food.

The following new prizes were proposed:

1st. 2,506 francs for a machine to polish optical glasses.

This prize will be delivered in 1821.

2d. 1,500 francs for the manufacture of bars of copper for the use of gold-wire drawers. This prize to be delivered in 1822.

3d. A prize of 3,000 francs for the manufacture of paper from mulberry leaves; to be awarded in 1824.

## LITERATURE &amp; LEARNED SOCIETIES.

## BIBLIOGRAPHY.

To the Editor of the *Literary Gazette*.

Sir.—The following singular piece of Bibliographical information is extracted from the correspondence of the Rev. Dr. Pinkerton, attached to the 16th Report of the British and Foreign Bible Society, page 34:—

After stating the difficulty of obtaining a correct translation of the Old Testament into the Georgian tongue, he says, "There seemed no alternative left but to request the Georgian department of the Holy Synod, at Tiflis, to send two or three young men of promising talent to study the Hebrew, or Greek, at the Spiritual Academy at Petersburg, in order to obtain a correct version of the sacred text in the Georgian tongue, as no individual belonging to that nation could be found qualified for this work. A resolution of the committee to this effect was accordingly taken, and a copy of it sent to Georgia. In the mean time, an edition of the Georgian New Testament, in the Civil character, was resolved on; and I was requested by the committee to consult with the Georgian Princes in St. Petersburg, respecting the exact form of character to be adopted, and to superintend the printing of this edition. I applied, therefore, to Prince George, one of the sons of the late King Heraclius, who furnished me with some of the finest manuscripts in the Civil character. One morning, while employed with the Prince, in the winter of 1817, in examining the specimens of the characters, and con-

versing on the difficulties which impeded our furnishing the Georgians with a complete version of the sacred writings, he mentioned to me, that while lately reading in the annals of their nation, and of the reign of his ancestor, in Georgia, he had fallen upon a passage in which it was said, that when St. Euphemius translated the Holy Scriptures into the Georgian language, he deposited a copy of it in the Ibirian, or Georgian Monastery, at Mount Athos. After hearing this piece of interesting information, I collected the particulars from the Prince, and lost no time in laying them before our noble president, Prince Galitzin, requesting him to use means for ascertaining whether such a manuscript of the Holy Scriptures in the Georgian language still existed in the Ibirian Monastery of the far famed *ayor' opos*, and after many months expectation, to our great joy, an answer was returned, that this precious manuscript was still preserved! The following letter from the librarian of that Monastery, Nicephorus, contains the interesting particulars, which puts the fact beyond a doubt.

"According to the request of your Highness, I have made proper search in the library of this Monastery. I have found different books in the Georgian language, of which some are written on parchment, and others on paper.

"For a very long time we were entirely ignorant of their contents, having no knowledge of the Georgian language. It is only between four or five years that a Georgian monk, named Laurentius, visited this Monastery, whom we requested to examine these works; and it is from his testimony and explication that the annexed catalogue has been prepared.

"Among the said books, there are two large volumes of the *Old Testament*, on parchment. We possess also some other manuscripts in the Georgian language, which are not indicated in the catalogue, and of the names of which we are still ignorant.

"Respecting a manuscript of the *Bible*, translated by St. George, the first apostle of Christianity in ancient Ibiria, we are entirely ignorant. The manuscript of the Georgian *Bible* which we possess in our library, is in the hand-writing of St. Euphemius, the Georgian, the founder and patron of this holy Monastery, the Chrysostom of this nation, and the first who translated the Old and New Testaments into the Georgian language, and who gave to his countrymen translations of other works, and also composed several himself.

"It is impossible for us at present to transcribe these books, as none of us understand the Georgian language; and it is equally impossible for us to part with the originals mentioned in the catalogue, as the most terrible excommunication and anathemas have, from time immemorial, been pronounced by the holy Synod and the Patriarchs, against those who should dare to carry away, or in any manner whatever dispose of, a single volume of this library: the preservation of it is due to these sage precautions.

"At different periods, learned travellers and others have had permission to read these books; but none of them were ever allowed to carry a single volume out of the monastery.

"From these circumstances your Highness will observe, that the only way to attain the laudable and Christian object in view, will be to send some persons learned in the Georgian language, in order to take a faithful transcript of the Georgian bible, or of any of the other MSS. which may be found salutary or useful.

"When such individuals shall arrive here, they shall be fraternally welcomed by us; and we shall do our utmost to afford them every possible facility in order to obtain the desired object.

(Signed) NICEPHOR.  
Librarian of the Iberian Monastery."

Among the manuscripts named in the catalogue referred to, which are all in the Georgian language, and thirty-nine in number, and mostly on theological subjects, are the following—the *Old Testament*, in two volumes; the four *Gospels*; the *Acts of the Apostles*; the *Psalms*; the *Gospels*, in the vulgar idiom (or rather, I suppose, in the Civil character); the *Commentaries of St. Chrysostom* on *Matthew's* and *St. John's Gospels*; the *Works of St. Gregory the Theologian*; the *Discourses and Moral Maxims of St. Basil the Great*; the *Autograph Works of St. Euphemius the Georgian*, &c.

While in Constantinople, I spoke with the Patriarch Gregory on the subject; and he warmly recommended the plan proposed in the above letter, as the best for attaining the object we have in view. I had also an opportunity of conversing with Hilarius Ivironius, the Archimandrite of the said Monastery, who happened to be at Constantinople at the time, and who confirmed to me every thing contained in the letter of Nicephor. On inquiring of the Patriarch, in what age St. Euphemius lived, I was answered by one of his Archimandrites present, that he lived in the eighth century.

#### ORIGINAL POETRY.

[By Correspondents.]

#### FAREWELL WILD HARP! \*

Farewell, wild harp! whose slumbering melody  
With venturous touch I have essayed to wake;  
Harp, which high bards to notes of ecstasy  
Have struck, till heaven's blue archway seem'd  
to shake:

And some a softer tone have bid thee take,  
While numbers passing sweet, yet wild and lorn,  
As their own fate, they pour'd from hearts  
that brake;

So the bird leans her bosom on the thorn,  
And warbles sweetest then, when most her breast  
is torn.

And not in vain, oh! not in vain the lay,  
Tho' Fame should ne'er upon her votary  
glance;

Tho' he go down to darkness and decay,

\* Copied from among the additions to a forthcoming new edition of the writer's Odes, &c.

Unwept, un honour'd, 'mid the world's mad  
dance,  
Where wealth, pomp, pleasure, mightier claims  
advance;  
Yet it may loose him from care's subtle ties,  
And soothe his soul, like incense, which per-  
chance

Will not majestically mount the skies,  
Yet scents the altar still whence first it strove to  
rise.

Farewell! there's misery in the word, yet how,  
With eager ear, upon the sound we dwell;  
Farewell! it dims the eye, and clouds the brow,  
Yet the heart breaks unless we say " Fare-  
well!"

And oh! my harp, unbidden notes will swell,  
Saddening my song, as o'er thy strings I cast  
A trembling hand; and broken accents tell  
My heart is throbbing as I say " 'tis past,"  
And breathe to thee a long farewell, perhaps a  
last.

Sept. 27, 1820. HENRY NEELE.

#### SONNET ON A COWARD.

Search through the ample world with curious  
mind,

And tell me if the coward's life be not  
Meanest in every station. Not a spot  
Under the broad expanse of heaven you find  
Extend to him its honours. All mankind  
Level their scorn against his base-born soul:  
Contempt will follow him from pole to pole;  
And he that honour's sacred laws can't bind,  
Roams mid the crowd a lonely wanderer.  
The sneering laugh, the keen contemptuous jest,  
Heap fire upon his head; the bitter slur  
And ceaseless taunt his coward heart molest:  
Loathed in the dust at last his corsie is trod,  
Like the vile worm in his congenial sod.

W. F. P.

#### EPICRAM.

Quoth angry Tom to Will, "I much suspect  
That in your face a swindling rogue I view."  
"Tis fact," says Will, "for if my eyes reflect,  
They show one rogue reflected into two."

A. M. A.

#### LINES.

Oh! hark to the voice of the pestilent gale,  
That swells o'er the bosom of India's sea!  
It comes like the breath of the fell Upas tree,  
Wafting onwards the sighs that its victims be-  
wall.

Hark!—it whispers the death of the young and  
the brave,  
Of the soldier that struggles for glory no  
more,  
Of the seaman that beats on the merciless  
shore,

And the millions it sweeps away—reckless to  
save!—

Two summers their mantles of verdure have  
shed,

Since beneath its dark influence Frederic fell;  
Yon stone the sad tale will too mournfully tell,  
In a stranger-land rais'd o'er his mould'ring  
head.

But his virtues it tells not—they linger for ever,  
Recorded on Memory's tablet of steel;  
It tells not the pang that affection will feel,  
When she thinks on the ties, that the blast fail'd  
to sever.

Yes! years may revolve—and this fabric decay,  
And be laid after thee, in the desolate tomb;  
But ne'er will that time of false-heartedness  
come,

When we cease to remember thy life's parting-  
day!

#### SKETCHES OF SOCIETY.

##### TAMEIAMEIA, KING OF THE SANDWICH ISLANDS.

The death of Tameiameia has been mentioned in several public papers. This sovereign and his kingdom, which has been newly formed in the present century, are generally interesting, on account of the peculiarity of the circumstance, and highly important to all those nations which trade in the Pacific Ocean. We therefore lay before our readers the following authentic details, derived from the communications of the learned Dr. Adelbert Von Chamisso, who visited the Sandwich Islands in 1816-17. These details will be the more welcome, as the publication of Lieutenant Otto Von Kotzebue's Account of his Voyage round the World is still delayed,\* a supplement of which work will contain the observations of Mr. Chamisso, who accompanied the expedition as naturalist.

The deceased sovereign of the Sandwich Islands, Tameiameia, a man of distinguished abilities, after he had voluntarily done homage to King George III. (that is to Captain Vancouver, as his representative,) and placed himself under the protection of Great Britain, conquered from the main island Owhyhee, the other islands of the group; and the king of the western Island, Atuei, submitted to him of his own accord to avert the storm which threatened him. This vassal, protected by the Russian American Company, lately rebelled against his sovereign, but soon repented of his rash step, and did homage again. Tameiameia, during the war between England and the United States, remained faithful to his engagements, and England rewarded him with the present of a handsome ship, built at Port Jackson.

By the situation of his islands, which renders them the natural staple place of the trade between China and the northern and eastern shores of the great ocean, by their fertility, and especially by their produce of the Saunders wood, he accumulated great riches, procured himself ships and artillery, and even attempted to get his flag admitted at Canton: his ships were commanded by Europeans, and manned half by European sailors and half by natives; the voyage succeeded perfectly, though the object partially failed. He formed a very accurate judgment of the characters of those Europeans who offered him their services. He was liberal to them when they deserved it, and a great part of the land has come into their hands as fiefs, which they enjoy without exciting the envy or ill will of the natives. Tameiameia neglected no opportunity to obtain instruction from strangers; but he notwithstanding always adhered to the spirit and manners of his people.

There have never been any missionaries on the Sandwich Islands. The statement in

\* The only accounts of Mr. O. Kotzebue's voyage yet published may be found in the Literary Gazette, Numbers 14, 23, 26, 27, 28, 58, 59, 87, 88.

the Missionary Reporter of 1818, that the sole heir of the kingdom is educated for this pious office, in the school of the Foreign Missions, at Cornwall, in America, is only a proof how well a native of Owhyhee knows how to give himself importance out of his native country. The real heir of the kingdom, Lio-Lio (Reo-Reo) a son of Tameiameia, and, on account of his descent on the mother's side, of higher rank, or in fact more holy (taboo) than his father, who dared not appear before him but with his head uncovered, is of a mean understanding, and addicted to idleness and drunkenness, and inherits none of the qualities of the old hero; only courage cannot be denied him, as this is a virtue common to all the inhabitants of Owhyhee.

The kingdom of Tameiameia will fall to pieces at his death. His great vassals had already divided it among them, while he still governed with entire power; and they awaited in good harmony and well prepared the moment in which he should close his eyes, to take each formal possession of his share. No European, however powerful he may be, as a chief in these islands, could ever think of ruling the Owhyheans, and none has ever thought of it. Much less could an European power think of the conquest of the Sandwich Islands, even if civil war favoured the enterprise; but if it should succeed for a time, it would inevitably prove the grave of the conquerors, for these islanders will suffer no foreign yoke, and are too strong to be easily extirpated. Tamura, king of Atuei, will regain and preserve his independence in his island. Kareimoku, called by the Europeans Billy Pitt, descended from the house of the kings of Manwee, and who, at the time of the conquest of this island, being still a child, was spared by Tameiameia's generosity, who educated and loved him, and raised him to the highest honours and power, is at present governor of the Island of Owhahoo, the most important of the whole group, because it alone has a harbour (Hamaruru), defended by a fort with many guns. He will take possession of this island for himself. Teimotu, of the ancient royal family of Owhyhee, who is strictly allied with Kareimoku, obtains Manwee as his share, and the weak Lio Lio will not be able to maintain himself, except by arms, in possession of the hereditary island of Owhyhee.

*A new St. Cecilia, or Triumphs of Music!*—The Ravenna Gazette is full of a triumph of Signora Rosa Morandi, a celebrated singer, which she herself announces. She says—"she has received permission from authority to be publicly crowned; that she will sing with her *usual perfection*, particularly the magnificent rondo, which has always been received with such rapturous applause. That, according to usual custom, a golden shower will fall with innumerable sonnets, panegyrics, &c. in which admiration will be expressed in the most beautiful verses: and after this, several cupids will descend, with garlands of flowers, doves, and other birds; and in the midst of this opera-

paradise, the crown is to be placed on the head of the artiste. After this exhibition, the incomparable singer will be drawn home in splendid car with six horses, accompanied with beautiful music: all the streets will be illuminated, and fireworks displayed in her honour; and she will retire amidst a discharge of grenades, serpents, and sky-rockets."

*To the Editor of the Literary Gazette.*

Sir,—In the prevailing rage for hyperbole and metaphorical expression, I am afraid there is some risk, if carried much farther, that the writings of the present and former ages may be unintelligible to future ones; and that it may become necessary for authors and editors to have a running margin to the works they put forth, denoting the passages to be understood literally, and those where the words are used hyperbolically;—to mark those which assert the naked truth, and those which magnify or diminish it till it almost ceases to be so.

In tracing effects to their causes with the calm discrimination of a philosopher, I think I may venture to assert, with but little fear of contradiction, that this style of expression has introduced a corresponding hyperbolical change in our manners. I mean to say, that a man's character and circumstances in life are now no more to be judged by the cut of his coat or general demeanour, than the meaning of an author, or the truth of his narration, is to be gathered from the literal meaning of the expressions employed in the pages of our modern publications. I can recollect the time, when servants and working people, yea, even respectable tradesmen, could be distinguished by their dress as well as by their conversation,—and when the rich, the respectable, and the mechanic, could be remarked at the distance of a street. But happily, or unhappily, these days seem to be for ever gone by; and the only real distinction between master and servant now consists in having the choice of the apartments of the house, and the first cut of meat at the table; with the additional pleasure of paying solely for both.

I can also remember the period when upper servants in families, lawyers, and shopkeepers' clerks, were designated by their christian names, if spoken of by their masters or mistresses; but all of these, by common consent, seem now to have dropped this distinctive mark of inferior situation for the equalizing title of *master*, *mistress*, or *miss*. A lady's maid\*, or a housekeeper, would feel very much hurt indeed, if called by their Christian denomination; and a journeyman tradesman would take it as an insult, were he addressed in the ancient form. In fact, the words *master* and *miss* have so far changed their meaning, that, in place of signifying really and truly the

\* *Maid* has become a term of dubious import, and in many cases might mislead pious young men of understanding in its former and literal sense. *Woman servant* is the appropriate term, as it implies neither virgin purity nor incontinence.

master of a family, or a young lady in respectable circumstances, they have become merely terms denoting the difference of sex.

In one respect, however, this change in manners and dress has been of advantage. In place of those ancient and formal distinctions between master and servant, there is now a uniformity in both, which many think very desirable; and it may be recorded, to the honor of British wealth and liberality in the 19th century, that our servants are better dressed, fed, and lodged, than the barons, knights, and high born dames of former days. This equalizing principle has also this further advantage, that gentlemen need not be ashamed to be seen in company with their female servants; and ladies incur no discredit in being found with their well-dressed lacqueys.

But I proceed to instance examples of the present hyperbolical mode of speaking and writing. On meeting an old acquaintance, I have been frequently saluted with "My dear friend, I have been dying with impatience to see you!" when in fact, there were no evident symptoms of this fatal termination of kindness in his appearance or expression. A young lady whom I met the other day at dinner, and who I thought had taken a fancy to my person; on my taking leave of her, laid her fair hand upon my shoulder, and prayed me very bewitchingly "not to allow her to be long without the pleasure of seeing me;" but on calling at her house the very next day in my best attire, though I saw her at the window, she had desired the servant to say, that "she was not at home." On waiting on an old pupil with whom I had made the tour of Europe, he professed, in the warmest manner, "that he was never so much delighted and honoured in his life" as by my visit; and yet, I was scarcely out of the room, when I heard him characterize me to his companion as "a troublesome old pedant." And it has chanced to reach my ears, that an affecting elegy, which I wrote upon the death of his favourite pointer, Peeping-Tom, and which he was pleased to say to myself, was superior to any thing that had ever been composed, he represented to others, as "most intolerable stuff."

There is not a shopkeeper or tradesman now, that would not be offended if he were not dubbed *esquire* on the back of his letters; and there is scarcely an author of a sixpenny pamphlet, who does not print his name with the same adjunct. I do not at all object to this mode of addressing my tailor or shoemaker, provided my so doing gives them pleasure. I merely mention the circumstance, to notice the change which has taken place in the meaning of the word; for in my younger days, it always meant a man possessed of landed property, and of comparative wealth. To make the thing complete, and in compliment to the fair sex, I beg to suggest that they likewise should have a share of the passing honours; and that, since they have relinquished the title of *mistress* to their nurses and housekeepers, they should adopt the prefix of *lady* to their family names. I am aware, that in many cases, the accouchement of the *wife* or

spouse† of a half-pay lieutenant or country apothecary, or others in similar circumstances, is frequently announced in the newspapers, under the title of "The lady of Captain Firelaught," "the lady of Dr. Graplefever," or "the lady of Andrew Shoeshanks, esquire," has been safely delivered, &c. &c. And I am told, that all this is managed for the matter of a few shillings paid at a newspaper office, for the annunciation of the important intelligence. But I am anxious to put something on record which may enable future times, if it shall be of any consequence to them, to distinguish between the wife of a shoemaker or shopkeeper, and the female sex of barons, baronets, &c. to whom I have been accustomed to think such title of right belonged. After all, however, I am not sorry for the transmutation, as it gives us consequence in the eyes of foreigners; and we may leave it to them to find out, that the title of *lady*, in place of denoting female nobility, is merely the distinctive mark of the one sex, as that of *gentleman* is of the other.

If this change, however, is to be followed out to its utmost extent, I should propose, that in our liturgy and sermon books, the vulgar term "*brethren*," applied to hearers who have nothing in common, might be altered to suit the prevailing taste for hyperbole; and "*dearly beloved brethren*," give way to "*ladies and gentlemen*," or to phrases more suited to present ideas and prevailing modes of speech.

Further, in the reprinting of the works of our celebrated authors, the puritanical affectation of the simple name should be laid aside, and the word *esquire* added at full length on the title pages. Our authors would, by this simple expedient, be at once put upon a level with those landless barons and literary counts of other countries who take it into their heads to write books; and our fashionable circles would relish the poetry of Shakespeare and Milton in a much higher degree, if they knew the books to have been written by *William Shakespeare, esquire*, or *John Milton, esquire*.

I could mention a thousand other instances had I spare paper at hand. But I conclude at present, with remarking, that *friendship* seems to have lost its ancient meaning; *honour* is not now what it was in former days; the difference between *virtue* and *vice* has almost ceased to be remarked; and *love* has no existence but in novels or among peasants. *A good man*, is he who has plenty of money; and a wise and prudent one is he who best can take advantage of the necessities or follies of his neighbours. One would almost be ashamed in these times to be called *honest*; and to be *religious* would lay one under the imputation of methodism. A strictly *honourable man* may violate all the laws which bind society together without

† Among other reasons for adopting the term *lady*, in place of *wife* or *spouse*, may be mentioned, that it may and may not imply, that the parties are married, according to circumstances. The latter terms are only applicable to peasants, or others with whom marriage still constitutes a binding obligation.

losing that character; and a *very pleasant fellow*, may ruin his own health or embarrass his family, without any sin against good breeding. In fine, the decalogue, as at present worded, is completely inapplicable to modern manners; and as people have a strong propensity to do what is forbidden, I see no safe way of bringing back our morals to their former healthy state, than by enacting, by authority of parliament, the commission of the crimes forbidden in the *ten commandments*. In this case, the natural tendency of human beings to find enjoyment in what is prohibited, would infallibly lead them to practice as vices, the virtues which our religion teaches, and for unsuccessfully inculcating which, the tenth part of our income is by law appropriated.

I am, Sir, Your most humble servant,  
PETER PANGLOSS, LL.D. F.R. & A.S.S.

### THE DRAMA.

The Theatres this week have produced no novelty of remarkable notoriety. The English Opera House has closed its summer campaign in a manner suitably formal. At Covent Garden stock pieces, of the growth of the last two years, have been performed, with little variety in the casts. This Theatre was also shut one night (Tuesday), in consequence of the death of its respectable proprietor, the senior Mr. Harris; a tribute due to his long connection with the house, and, indeed, with the national drama. We were not personally acquainted with this gentleman, and can therefore say nothing in the style of the notices which have appeared in the daily journals, touching his private character; nor should we follow the example, even were we competent to the task. As an individual in society, we have always understood Mr. Harris to have been eminently entitled to regard; but it is as supreme director of Covent Garden Theatre alone, for many years, that his actions become public property. In this light we think no one will deny him the praise of having shown a spirit of princely magnificence and liberality; and of having done much towards extending the splendour of dramatic representation in all its adjuncts. He further proved himself to be a judicious critic, and a sound judge of what was likely to please—at least, in so far as we can appreciate from the majority of successful works produced under his auspices, and without knowing any thing of the merits or demerits of what he rejected. Still, however, Mr. H. appears to us to have done great injury to the drama of England. His partiality for spectacle paved the way to that tremendous enlargement of the theatres, which has nearly banished natural acting, and introduced exaggeration in its stead; which has in so great a measure superseded the *sterling tragedy and comedy by melo-drame and burlesque*. We have no doubt that it may be said in reply to this, that the proprietor of the theatre merely consulted the public taste: we are however of opinion, that if he did not create, he contributed much

to confirm the lapse and decay of right feeling in this respect. Be that as it may, the height of our charge is an error in judgment, generated by the change which previously converted theatrical property, like most other matters in this country, into a mere commercial speculation, nearly divested of literary character. This is the source of the perpetuation of many existing evils, and of many alterations which we cannot but lament. Hence we grieve to see advowsons and church-livings sold to the highest bidder; hence we regret to see learned titles (not honours), purchasable for a few pounds; hence we deplore the portrait-trade in gross, call it likeness or bust, which usurps the name of the *fine arts*, in painting and sculpture; hence we marvel at the encouragement of literature and literacy, not by kings and illustrious nobles, but by booksellers and publishers, who feel so much for learning in distress, that they will always relieve it; and for ability in repute, that they will usher it into notoriety, provided the rules of The Trade are not put *hors de combat* in the calculation: hence we are concerned to see every invention of human ingenuity, every production of human genius, every thing of which a *penny* can be made, become the object of traffic and base consideration, instead of maintaining the glorious prerogative of *being*, because worthy of being, and insensible of as unmoved by debasing and extrinsic capacities. Therefore, when we say that Mr. Harris has (as we conceive) lowered the tone of dramatic production, nothing can be further from our intention than to impute personal blame to a man of whom we think highly, and whose head is hardly covered with the turf which hides all frailties; but simply to express our sentiments upon his having followed the fashion of the times when at the head of an important concern; and added another to the list of those establishments which the lust of gain, the debtor and creditor habits of Britain, have engulfed, by transforming from their original natures into pure business speculations—sacrificing the sciences, arts, honours, literature, and still graver, if not higher objects, all to the *Balance Sheet*.

At the Haymarket, the two or three good performers, and the dozen supernumeraries, have continued to bear the season towards its close. As we are not querulous critics, we have found no fault; but as the Green Man says, the "*plain fact*" is, that except having a little stage and little auditory they have done less than little for the drama. With the advantages the Haymarket possesses for genuine acting, it ought to have overwhelmed its inconveniences in the parts allotted to the company (we mean the visitors, not the manager's company); but it has for years past achieved nothing, as estimated with reference to its capabilities, and especially to its powers of contrast with the winter houses. Common sense has demanded theatres where seeing and hearing were possible; and the Haymarket, in six actors out of seven, and in nine pieces out of ten, has demonstrated that it was of no consequence whatever whether you either saw or heard.

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## FOREIGN DRAMA.

## THEATRE ROYAL ITALIEN.

*Il Fuzzoletto*. (the Handkerchief) a comic opera, in two acts; the music by M. Garcia.

The subject of this opera is the well known adventure attributed to Lady Montague. It has already been dramatised under the title of *Le Mouchoir*, at the Gaîté, and *l'Anglaise à Bagdad*, at the Vaudeville. Though the dialogue of *Il Fuzzoletto* is superior to the general run of Italian operas, yet its success must be attributed wholly to the excellent music of M. Garcia. We might, perhaps, occasionally wish for more expression, but the most graceful melody prevails throughout the whole opera, embellished by the richest accompaniments. In the first act there is rather too much of recitative and chorus; but we remarked a *duetto*, admirably sung by Madame Ronzi Debegnis and Garcia, and a delightful *quintetto* and *finale*. The second act contains an air, *Ah! se a voi concesso*, which is charmingly adapted to the clear and pure voice of Madame Ronzi Debegnis. Madame Garcia played the *soubrette* with great spirit. The scenery, decorations, and dancing, are of the most superb description.

## VARIETIES.

The late Sir Boyle Roche, in Ireland, was usually set down as the author of all descriptions of bulls in his time; and he really used to make a great many. He however vented some tolerable witicism, and in fact, it was pretty generally suspected that the bulls were very often designedly made, to amuse his companions in the Irish House of Commons. One of his puns is perhaps worth preserving. It was argued in his presence, whether Dante or Milton was the superior poet. "I think," said he, "Horace, a very competent judge of poetry, has decided against Dante long ago." "Horace!" said one of the disputants, expecting a new bull; "when could Horace say any thing about Dante?" "Don't you recollect," replied Sir Boyle, "that he asserts most roundly *Dante minor?* Ep. I. vii. 22."

*Anecdote*.—The silver coins of the Czar Iwan were, during the reign of the Empress Elizabeth, prohibited in Russia, under very severe penalties; at which period a carpenter, a native of Germany, who had worked several years in St. Petersburg, intending to go back to his native country, provided himself with a regular passport, and embarked at Cronstadt, in a vessel bound for Lubeck. Just as the ship was about to sail, an officer of the government came on board, and forbade him to take any silver, especially silver coin; asking him whether he had any? Without hesitation, the carpenter answered that he had none, except a few silver roubles, with which he intended to pay the captain for the passage. He was desired to show these roubles. He did so; and there was found among them one rouble with Iwan's effigy. He was asked from whom he had received this coin? To this he could not give any satisfactory answer, as he had laid by these roubles at different times for his voyage, without particularly noticing

them. He was dragged to prison, from thence to Petersburg; and, notwithstanding all his asseverations of innocence and ignorance of offence, he was sent to Siberia.

*Original Anecdote of the late Sir Peter Parker, Bart.*—The late Sir Peter Parker, who was killed on board the *Menelaus*, in America, in 1814, was a brave and very skilful officer, but uncommonly wild and thoughtless. He was once on a cruise up the Mediterranean; and after having been some months at sea, went on shore at Malta, where, happening to be greatly gratified by a band of instrumental performers that he casually met with, he ordered them to go on board his ship: they did so, and he speedily followed, and sailed off with them on a cruise for six or eight months, when he unshipped them at the place where he took them on board. This lively freak nearly lost him his commission. His father, who was Admiral of the Fleet, was so provoked at his numerous irregularities, that he determined to hold no communication with him, further than what was absolutely necessary in his public capacity as Commander in Chief. While sailing at the head of a numerous fleet in the Atlantic, he received a communication from his mother, in which she desired to be remembered to her son, which he effected in the following manner:—

"Make a signal (said the Admiral) for the *Menelaus* to lay to!" this was done. "Now make the signal for the Captain to come on board!" this was done also, and Captain Parker, in his boat, proceeded to the Admiral's ship, which, when he had gained the deck of, he was met by his father, who saluted him with the following laconic speech—"I have received a letter from your honoured mother, dated (so and so); she is perfectly well, and desires to be remembered to you. —Now pack off; I've nothing more to say to you."

## SOLON'S GRAVE.

*From a German Journal*.—It is well known that we have hitherto been uncertain where the great Grecian legislator, Solon, was buried. A writer at Berlin has now received from the Deserts of Siberia, a letter, containing authentic information, that Solon's grave had happily been discovered between the river Argun and the little river Urlungus, on the frontiers of Russia and China. The letter contains also a drawing of the monument over the philosopher's grave, in the form of an obelisk, the top of which is probably damaged by the effects of time; with an inscription as simple as it is remarkable: *Here lies Solon, who gave us laws. Men live like him!* The inscription is in the Mongol language; it has been translated by various Chinese literati, each separately, and upon comparison all the translations were found to be identical. Professor Gubitz is engaged in engraving this monument on wood, which, together with the written communication, he will insert in his Journal, called the *Companion*.

This must be some blunder: we always understood that Solon died and was buried in Cyprus!—ED.

Dr. Wade, agricultural professor to the

Dublin Society, sometimes lectures his class in the fields, among the productions on which he is lecturing. As he was thus employed one day, treating on potatoes in the beds themselves, he took occasion to speak in favour of this practice. Why, doctor, said one of his auditors, I think you are very right to lecture here by the side of the beds; for you know the faculty always recommend students to attend *clinical lectures*.

## NORTHERN EXPEDITIONS.

Letters from Quebec, 16th August, state that intelligence has reached there, from the over-land expedition under Lieut. Franklin. It had arrived safely at Fort Chippewain, in the Athabasca country.

*Parisian joke*.—On the day of the eclipse, when all the inhabitants of Paris were without doors, provided with telescopes and pieces of smoked glass, an Englishman was seen driving furiously in a fiacre along one of the principal streets. "Where does my lord wish to go to?" said the driver. "To see the eclipse," exclaimed the Englishman, thrusting his head out of the coach window; "only drive up as near to it as possible, for I am short-sighted."—French paper.

## METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL.

SEPTEMBER, 1820.

Thursday, 28—Thermometer from 38 to 64. Barometer from 30, 25 to 30, 20.

Wind S. W.  $\frac{1}{4}$ .—Generally clear till noon; the rest of the day cloudy.

Rain fallen,  $\frac{1}{2}$  of an inch.

Friday, 29—Thermometer from 47 to 60. Barometer from 30, 18 to 30, 37.

Wind N. and N. E.  $\frac{1}{4}$ .—Cloudy, till noon, the rest of the day clear.

Rain fallen,  $\frac{1}{4}$  of an inch.

Saturday, 30—Thermometer from 35 to 65. Barometer from 30, 29 to 30, 20.

Wind N.  $\frac{1}{4}$ , and S. b. W.  $\frac{1}{2}$ .—Clouds generally passing, sunshine at times. A misty rain in the morning.

## OCTOBER.

Sunday, 1—Thermometer from 46 to 58. Barometer from 30, 28 to 30, 45.

Wind N. W.  $\frac{1}{4}$ , and W.  $\frac{1}{2}$ .—Generally clear. Rain fallen,  $\frac{1}{2}$  of an inch.

Monday, 2—Thermometer from 45 to 56. Barometer from 30, 53 to 30, 62.

Wind W.  $\frac{1}{4}$  and N. N. W.  $\frac{1}{2}$ .—Morning clear; clouds generally passing the rest of the day.

Tuesday, 3—Thermometer from 49 to 57. Barometer from 30, 68 to 30, 72.

Wind N. E.  $\frac{1}{2}$  and N.  $\frac{1}{4}$ .—Generally clear.

Wednesday, 4—Thermometer from 32 to 58. Barometer from 30, 68 to 30, 63.

Wind N. E. 2 and  $\frac{1}{2}$ .—Generally clear till the evening, when it became cloudy and rained. A white frost in the morning.

On Monday the 9th at 26 minutes, 22 seconds after 10, the 3d Satellite of Jupiter will immerse into his shadow, and will emerge at 45 minutes 47 seconds after 1 in the morning.

In our next, the time of an occultation of the Moon and Jupiter will be inserted. Edmonton, Middlesex. JOHN ADAMS.

*Erratum.* In the imitation of Horace's Epistle to *Bullatus*, in our last—in the first line, for "Horace" read "Florence."

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